

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE TENTH VOLUME of the ROUND TABLE begins with the number for Saturday, July 3, 1869. Subscribers and advertisers in arrears are requested to make immediate payment with or without further advice from this office.

It is confidently hoped that the ROUND TABLE in its ensuing volume will be able to do something more than maintain its past reputation, and that it will steadily advance in merit and usefulness.

Friends, in all sections, who have so liberally tendered services, are invited to make special efforts at this juncture to increase the *Round Table's* circulation, and thus to augment its influence as an independent national journal.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

An opportunity is offered to a gentleman of suitable qualifications to become purchaser of part of the stock of the ROUND TABLE ASSOCIATION, and to take a responsible position on the staff of the paper. With a person so qualified very favorable terms will be made; but this offer will necessarily be withdrawn after the 1st of July. Application may be made at once to Mr. Isaac W. Haff, at the office, 132 Nassau Street.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

THE democratic life which pulsates in the southern portion of the New World, where monarchical Brazil occupies as anomalous a position as republican Switzerland does in the Old, presents very little to gratify the lover of free institutions. Just in that part of the American continent where nature unfolds her most lavish luxuriance, where the stately palm towers to the skies, where the mightiest waters flow down to the sea, where the Andes rear their heads in surpassing loveliness, where "all but the spirit of man is divine," there the children of the soil appear the least worthy of their surroundings. Society in those singularly favored regions is governed partly by a listless yielding to brute force and partly by unrestrained passions or a blind, unreasoning impulse. Anarchy is the law by which entire states are ruled there. The difference between the anarchy which forms a distinguishing feature in the political and social life of these communities is merely one of degree—only the marking of the longer or shorter pauses between the disturbances in the higher spheres. Every sign indicates plainly that Mexico, Ecuador, Bolivia, Columbia, and the other South American republics are destined to split into small independent states, similar to those of Central America. Petty commonwealths, like those of San Salvador and Costa Rica, with petty populations and petty territories, seem still to thrive best, though they lack the capacity of resisting the mighty Anglo-Saxon wave which has set steadily in their direction. Indeed, Clio may already be said to have written on the page of the world's history with unerring pen and in distinct characters the future fate of the South American communities. In their battle for bare existence they will have to give way before the stronger and more energetic race of the north, and fall as surely and completely, if less bloodily and barbarously, as the feeble Indian communities which succumbed before the Spaniards three and a half centuries ago. From the day on which Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, crossing the Isthmus Cordillera of Darien, discovered the Pacific, and thereby opened the door to the heroic marauders who followed the fortunes of his companion Ferran Pizarro, a curse which will never be taken off has rested on those blood-stained lands. Nowhere have the evil seeds sown by a wicked deed so fearfully avenged themselves. The wanton and barbarous destruction of all domestic culture, the cruel persecution of the more intelligent natives, the fanatical hatred with which the Spanish priests hounded their dusky heathen colleagues even to the stake, the arrogant intolerance and religious tyranny—the entire system enforced both at home and abroad with an iron hand by the Castilian rulers from the great first Isabella of the fifteenth century down to the petty second one lately exiled—has inoculated the Spanish Creoles and Mestizes with traits that render them unfit for self-government or healthy political progress. One might easily, and without the least injury to contemporary history, ignore altogether the several political events which transpire in those blighted republics—excepting, perhaps, the Isthmus state of Panama, on account of its geographical importance as a transit for international trade and intercourse.

It is the tragic doom of most of those Spanish American republics that they can neither exist in a reasonable state of freedom nor perish under the rigid absolutism so often established over them by ambitious military chieftains. Unfit alike to live and to die, each of these states drags out the existence of Ahasver—a revolting picture of political impotence and moral decay. It is here that we see how powerfully local influences affect the development of peoples, how unconsciously the mental leanings, the ways of living, and the political views of nations are shaped by the climatical and geognostical conditions of their home. Buckle has admirably illustrated this doctrine in his history of English civilization. But it is not merely outwardly that men, singly or in bodies, are thus influenced; the relations of race, especially the admixture of blood, which brings with it peculiar traits and dispositions, are no less important factors in national life. To fathom the mysterious darkness which has so long veiled cause and effect; to trace the invisible threads of human destinies to their source; to obtain a philosophical stand-point for the study of history, and to arrive

at an intelligent explanation of modern events, we must first analyze the several bodies politic in their several ethnical elements. It is ethnology alone which enables us to ascertain how far these ingredients will fuse or disintegrate, how they will act upon each other in their political development.

In the organization of Latin America the ethnological demands, the variously formed and complicated relations of race, failed to receive the requisite consideration, and the state of things which has thus been produced can never be replaced by a better. The laws which have been most grossly violated may be summed up as follows: Man is no cosmopolite; like the vegetable and the animal the human species is also restricted to certain localities, beyond whose limits it can only be acclimatized and prosper under the same physical conditions to which it had been previously accustomed. Like the plant, man undergoes, however, even then, many changes which cause him to differ from the parent stock. Transplanted to localities varying in the more essential points from the place of his nativity, he perishes, though he may at times languish on, according to circumstances, for a longer or shorter period in a sickly state. The Darwinian struggle for existence and all its consequences, are fully applicable to ethnology. The inferiority between the human races is indisputable. The pseudo-philanthropist and visionary may insist on the equality of the lower and the higher races of men, and place them on a level, but these experiments have everywhere resulted in misery, strife, and bloodshed. The qualities of race are immutable. Here and there trifling modifications may be noticed, but as a whole the characters of cultivated and natural peoples still remain at this day what they were thousands of years ago. The extent of these changes is utterly insignificant, and has never yet sufficed to place an inferior race permanently into a higher category. It is a grave error to believe that it will ever be possible to educate a lower race beyond a certain point, for nature herself has here raised an insurmountable barrier. Under equally auspicious climatical and local conditions the superior race unfailingly destroys the other, for the contact with the culture of the former is deadly poison to the latter. All efforts to render an inferior race accessible for the reception of a higher morality only hasten its doom. An admixture of two unequal races is therefore a cancer—a crime against mankind—interdicted by nature, inasmuch as she lets the mongrels invariably inherit all the vices and none of the virtues of the common stock. Nature abhors the adulteration of blood, and in this she shows herself an aristocrat of the purest water; every violation of her laws she visits with condign and pitiless punishment.

Mexico is a striking exemplification of these ethnological truths, and of the disastrous consequences which follow an adulteration of blood. Analyzing her many-colored population of about eight millions of souls, we find it composed of five millions of Indians, something over two millions of mongrels, one million of whites (creoles), and perhaps several thousand negroes. These figures are, of course, only proximately correct, for no regular census appears ever to have been taken in that country. The aborigines form, therefore, fully five-eighths of the civilized Mexicans. The creoles constitute only one-eighth, and even this fraction, whatever it may claim to be, is hardly more than one-third of pure white descent. With the precedent of the United States before the world, where the whites steadily supersede the red men, the same rule has been applied in relation to Mexico, apparently forgetting that in a country in which the higher types are so few in numbers the case is reversed. Instead of the inferior race being destroyed by the superior, it is the latter that is decomposed and absorbed by the former. This is mainly because the climatical and other conditions of South America are as unfavorable to the Caucasian as those of North America are favorable to him. Like everywhere else, so the white race has morally and intellectually deteriorated in Mexico, because such is one of nature's own laws. In some regions already the third generation shows unmistakable evidences of this retrogressive process. One of the most profound German ethnologists cites a remarkable instance of the pernicious results which amalgamation exerts on the moral and intellectual character of a people, in alluding to the so-called scientific works published in Spanish America. Not that he denies to Mexico, Peru, Chili, etc., the possession of cultivated and even erudite men; but he maintains that all their writings display a certain jejune spirit which bears rather the stamp of senile age than that of a promising youth. "Questions," observes our authority, "are still seriously discussed among South American scholars which have long been settled in Europe, and even the most profound treatises abound in explanations that show the want of everything like elementary knowledge on the part of the reading public."

If experience is worth anything, no fact can be considered better established than that Indians, negroes, and mongrels will never be the representatives of civilization. Where inferior races make up the bulk of the people there they steadily multiply. In Mexico, for instance, the Indian is the agriculturist. He leads a regular though oppressed life—the very opposite to that led by the Indian nomads and hunters in the United States. While the former, therefore, increase and gradually absorb the whites, the latter disappear before them. The logical sequence of the growing preponderance of the mongrel element in Latin America is easily inferred, and might teach our own radical politicians not to be so very eager for the deglutition of the West Indian negroes and the South American mongrels. Humboldt prophesied, "The Americans will absorb Mexico, and then perish themselves." Let us be wise in time.

SOILED DOVES AND THEIR IMITATORS.

WHAT is there about gregarious indulgence in a certain sort of indelicacy if not illicit pleasure that makes it so much more delicious than solitary enjoyment of the same thing? We take it that few respectable citizens, such as have gathered nightly by hundreds for some years past at certain New York theatres, would care to sit down quite alone and feast their eyes by the hour on the pink immodesties of capering nymphs, or who would not blush a deeper color than the fleshings before them to be the single recipient of their wearers' alluring regards. Yet most vice of a sexual character is decorously veiled, and by worldlings it may be presumed that men who pay their money and waste their hours in gazing rapturously on the too generous beauties who disport themselves in erotic ballet seldom hesitate to do worse when so inclined. It may be more generally admitted that if the character of the ladies whose charms have proved so lucrative were unimpeachable—in other words, and paradox apart, if it were certain that they were modest women—curious males would be much more anxious to gaze upon such revelations as active and determined females can make than curious males are now. Yet why is it that *Anonyma* is so much more bewitching to men's eyes than a virtuous girl, supposing, as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred must be supposed, that there is no possible chance of possessing either? And why is it that honest citizens whom caution or self-respect would deter from practical sin—for we are simple enough to believe that a large proportion of the audiences at *Black Crooks* and *Forty Thieves* must be decent and continent persons—do not scruple continually to commit ideal sin, or to feast their eyes night after night upon those sunny blondes, to yearn after them in their hearts? That these things are true is so patent as scarcely to need confirmation. The outcry, however, in London about ladies of high position dressing and "making up" in such a manner as to look like members of the *demi-monde*, and the fact that even in our own large cities it is now far more difficult than it used to be to distinguish between females of the same respective classes, is evidence in point. It is clear that, whether they are right or wrong, many ladies think "soiled doves" are more attractive in the eyes of the average man than unspotted ones. Were it otherwise we should not so often as we are be shocked by that grotesque, not to say terrible, imitating of vice by virtue which constitutes, one would suppose, the very last and most pitiful affectation in which a chaste woman could bring herself to indulge.

It is probable, we affirm, that, while the bulk of the crowds who witness the salacious ballet of, to New York, the newest school have no idea of any gratification to be derived from it beyond that of the eye and of the immediate present, they would patronize such entertainments far more charily did they suppose the performers were all pure women. The contrary supposition, erroneous or otherwise, is, of course, the prevalent one; and to that supposition such performances owe their keenest attraction. The satisfaction derived seems to be something like that of the miser who gloats over the gold he has no thought to spend; it represents all manner of delights in which he might revel if he chose. Having, as he says to himself, the courage to sacrifice the present to the future, he dismisses all idea of buying present pleasure with his store; and yet he takes a sweeter joy in luxuriating over the thought of what it lies in his power to purchase had he the will. So, perhaps, the delicate-minded gentry who cram the parquette and orchestra stalls, who sit with eyes glued to each moulded limb and symmetrical ankle and heaving bosom, pacify themselves by the delectable reflection that, while prudence and honor forbid them to pursue the lovely fair, save with *lorgnettes* and at a safe distance, it still lies within the range of possibility that each entranced spectator might, if he wished, be eligible for warmer and closer intimacy. Herein, then, it would appear, lies the secret of the superior magnetism of the unchaste over the chaste, the reason why managers rather spread than repress the piquant stories of the loves of their *corps des ballet*, the magic spell that draws gold, like Jupiter to Danae, for the treasury of the purveyor of these nude sirens, the unclean lust that has made our stage a shame to civilization and that justifies the prejudice with which so many of the wise and virtuous regard it.

This is a mischief and a sad one, a disgrace and a burning one, yet it is but a single phase of the evil habit to which we have referred. The abominable simulation of profligacy, the trick of gaining attractiveness by seeming unchaste, the assumption of vice, Heaven help us! when one has it not, is confined to no department or arena of art, but overleaps all barriers and appears in the parks, in the streets, and in society. The writer, walking up Fifth Avenue a fine afternoon of last week, saw during an hour young girls by the score who—it is painful to write it, but it is true,—who had positively every appearance of having dressed their persons and faces with the express design of being mistaken for courtesans. Here is a fruit of the magnificent and unprecedented run of Manager Fungus's spectacular ballet with a vengeance! Can anything short of crime be more revolting, or, indeed, more alarming? We think not. And, moreover, we think it is high time, unless our young women intend to become in truth what they so meretriciously seem, that this shocking custom should be sharply repressed and, if possible, frowned down. New York is not yet old enough or, we would fain hope, sinful enough to sustain a *demi-monde*, much as that exotic is talked of in the cheap newspapers by writers to whom the real thing is as the mystery of Nirwana, or the personal habits of the

Grand Llama. It may, therefore, be said that there is no real danger of misconstruction in the matter whereof we speak. If this be indeed the case, we can only say that the young ladies we speak of must be bitterly disappointed to know it. But the chance of being exposed to insult constitutes the merest fraction of the demoralization that the vile masquerading in question engenders. Girls who think they look like wantons, and take pleasure in the thought, are not far from feeling as they look; and their progress is, perhaps, little affected by practical evidences of a success they take such pains to be sure of beforehand. It is possible that a little reflection on this very offensive, but very natural, social corollary to the great *Black Crook* problem, may lead some men and women to think gravely upon a subject they have heretofore treated as a passing bagatelle.

It is high time, we repeat, that the paint and the furbelows, the tricks of face and the tricks of gait, by whose adoption so many unblemished young ladies, and some not young, are doing their best to be confounded with what we yet believe most of them would crimson to hear named, should be discountenanced and abandoned. The fallen ones are plenty enough, poor creatures, as it is; their ranks need no mockery of increase; and the appropriation of the marks of their unhappy trade on the part of other women, by way of attracting incense to vanity, is inexpressibly revolting and shameful. That the young ladies have some excuse, inasmuch as they have fallen into the evil custom by insensible degrees, and are often perhaps really ignorant of the extent and nature of the impression they produce, we are very glad to believe; and it is to be hoped that when their attention is publicly invited to the subject self-examination will follow, and thus induce a general reform. We oppose on principle all sumptuary laws; but if domestic censorship could be brought smartly to bear upon this most serious and growing folly a wholesome check might be exerted. It is to be hoped that, by whatever restraints, the evil may be abated; and we make no apology for writing plainly about a matter which it would do no good either to handle with gloves or to gloss smoothly over. We know very well how this voluptuous and poisonous furor has grown and spread apace abroad; but we have no heart to see the new generation of pure young American girls growing up into counterfeit presentments of soiled doves.

THE SPRING MEETING.

WET weather and certain almost indefinable deficiencies in the arrangements have made the Spring Meeting at Jerome Park little better, as a whole, than a *succès d'estime*. Something is still wanting, every one feels, to invest the doings of the American Jockey Club with the dash, the brilliancy, and the supreme finish which make up the glory of its prototypes abroad. It is not quite easy to say what that something is. Everybody can poke a fire, edit a newspaper, play Hamlet, and direct public amusements better than everybody else, of course; which justifies perhaps a little caution in criticising what everybody knows the censor can so readily make perfect. Still, while admitting with pleasure that the last day of the meeting wound up in quite a redeeming blaze of triumph, we must all, if candid, confess that the great object of making these gatherings at once fashionable and popular, the delight of the few and of the many, solid cash successes as well as gala-days of national festivity, is not yet accomplished. Why is it?

The ground itself is fit for fairy land, so charmingly picturesque are its natural features. The course is well laid out, the available room for spectators practically unlimited, and the distance from town easy. Those who have direction of affairs and who own the stables chiefly represented are gentlemen of admitted character and influence; while the ladies who habitually grace the meetings with their presence are celebrated not less for their social and fashionable position than for beauty and fascination. When is added to all this the fact that the individuals to whom have been entrusted special details have always carried them out with industrious fidelity, it would seem that nothing had been omitted to make certain a series of splendid equine festivals whose lustre should not pale even beside the traditional glories of ancient Greece and Rome. It would seem that the Jockey Club, while confessing with Cato that 'tis not in mortals to command success, might boast with the same ingenuous sage that they had done more, and deserved it.

And what they have to offer is really a magnificent entertainment. There is nothing on the continent which for style, color, numbers, enthusiasm, and, in general, for a thorough-bred air, can vie for a moment with these assemblages. Almost everything that delicious atmosphere, sparkling wine, lovely women, the inspiring rush of emulation can offer, is here collected, as it were, in a single goblet of pleasure to be quaffed at a draught. One might suppose that our mercurial population would rush in crowds to drink of such sweet fountains, to toss care to the winds, and to revel, if but for a day, in happiness unalloyed. Now, this is not the case, at least not in the degree essential to that pyramidal success without which the Jockey Club and their beautiful park must substantially and in the long run prove a failure. The names of Belmont and Sanford and Cameron may indeed become household words, and the high-mettled steeds that bear their well-known colors may overtake and conquer worldwide reputation; but the great prize of commercial victory, and of metropolitan fame for establishing on a firm basis and as a national sport for educated American society the sports of the turf, may be still unwon. How

is this danger to be averted, and how is Jerome Park to become all that its spirited projector ever hoped for even in his most sanguine dreams?

We answer the question with deference, yet with a firmness properly qualified by the various incentives to caution already touched upon. The business of Jerome Park is dull for precisely the same reason that the business of the booksellers is dull. They need advertising and "working up" on a scale to which they have alike hitherto been strangers. The great public really knows very little about either. In a city of a million people, with a million more within an hour's journey, there need scarcely be any limit to the trade that may be driven in almost any department, *if the people only know of it*. Let the entire business of advertising and working up the Jerome Park meetings be placed in the hands of a single thoroughly capable man, and let him have *carte blanche* for a single trial, and our word for it the gentlemen most interested will be astonished by the result. There is nothing in a matter of this sort like autocratic power. It is, of course, highly important to make no mistake in the original selection. For this reason a director should be sought out of wide experience in public amusements, one who has long been accustomed to keep his finger on the popular pulse, and who, at the same time, has character and standing such as will command respect with all classes. Such a man, especially if he can write easily and well, and if he be sufficiently up in the *convenances* to maintain the requisite social footing, might do for the Jockey Club exactly what it needs to have done, but which, in spite of most liberal pavements of good intentions, it never yet has had done. Could Mr. William Stuart, for example, be induced to undertake the task, we will venture to say that the deficiencies glanced at in the outset would be bountifully supplied and the Club and the Park become all they should be.

WOMAN AT THE WATERING PLACES.

AS the time draws near the summer solstice, and the dog-star rages more and more daily, and the mosquito's still small voice begins to make musical the watches of the night, the watering places suddenly awaken from their wintry torpor of insignificance and inattention to unusual bustle and importance. Hibernating landlords become violently alert and wakeful; heretofore civil clerks promptly assume that air of urbane insolence which is so effective in assuring patronage; shopkeepers lay in those curious assortments of extravagant inutilities which watering place visitors so delight in, mark up their neglected goods a hundred per cent., and smirk in pleasant anticipation of profits that shall atone for a ruinous half year of dullness; the spring chemists are busily at work preparing the unfailing supplies of pure mineral water which shall heal and invigorate the coming crowds; the hackmen coax together the remnants of their dilapidated vehicles, and ponder the utmost limit of endurable extortion; the gentlemen of the cloth set up their little game in the staidest of mansions on the quietest of back streets; the circulating libraries hasten to add the freshest and most enlivening balderdash to their complete collections of standard literature; the Indians gather their squalidness into the focus of an encampment, and begin the construction of those astonishing baskets which hold nothing and cost so very much more; the daily paper gets in readiness its impromptu and local squibs for the coming season; the billiard-men and the bowling-men and the photographers who picture you with your back to the Falls, or to the Washington Spring, or to the lighthouse in the distance; the shooting-gallery people, the barbers, the honest fishermen, the yachtsmen, the whole tribe of social Bedouins who hover on the outskirts of the watering places and prey on the unwary stranger, have gathered to their trysting.

Already most of the large hotels at seaside or springs have celebrated their openings with all due pomp and circumstance, and now stand ready to take in any number of boarders whom vanity or verdancy may lead to their treacherous embraces. At more than one that final irrefragable test of the season's establishment, the first hop, has already shown its incipient splendors, and now more and more every day the journals whose grateful task it is to chronicle the movements of the great give token of their imminent or their accomplished departure from our desolated midst. Yesterday it was Vermifuge, the affluent apothecary, with his accomplished wife and lovely horses, who had taken the costliest suit of apartments at the Branch; to-day it is the Hon. Billion E. Slodge who has secured for himself and lady, his fascinating daughters, his irresistible sons, and his innumerable retinue, the finest rooms in the largest hotel at Saratoga; to-morrow it will be General Scamander Thimblebrig, M.C., who leaves the town in tears to show his peerless matched four-in-hand and his imported drag to the admiring eyes of Newport. One by one they leave us, the curled darlings of club and promenade. The races held them, half reluctantly, like hounds in leash; and now that these are over, they fly to join the innumerable caravan that moves on its annual pilgrimage to the Meccas of frivolity. The tide of folly ebbs swiftly away from our deserted streets, and presently we shall find ourselves stranded high and dry on the barren sands of unfashion.

Meantime, at spa and seaside the wild whirl of dissipation will commence and wax fiercer as the season goes on. The diamonds will be as profuse, the dresses as magnificent and countless, the horses as speedy and thorough-bred, the little game as popular, the men as splendid, the women as ravishingly beautiful, as they always are, and everybody will assure us that so brilliant a season was never known. But among all these devotees

at the shrine of a false pleasure will there be none who shall some time confess to himself the error and the folly of his ways? Will there be no father who shall see how fast his daughters are learning an undesirable and fatal wisdom in that unholy school; no husband to foresee how ruined peace and happiness shall date their downfall from that deadly influence; no lover or brother to know how soon the precious bloom of maiden modesty is tarnished and withered in that pestilential atmosphere? Or will they all shut their eyes resolutely to the uncomfortable truth, flout the prophetic whisper, and lay fast hold of the hand of death?

If Dr. Oliver Goldsmith's philosophic mandarin could suddenly be dropped into the middle of our summer from whatever celestial beatitude he now enjoys, reposing on the bosom of Confucius, he would find few things, we fancy, more diverting than this annual scramble and scurry to the watering places. To see, year after year and every year, a multitude of otherwise intelligent people in the ostensible pursuit of health deliberately doing everything which is most detrimental to it, spending not alone the pecuniary but the hygienic savings of ten months of the year in less than as many weeks of wild and reckless extravagance, flying from the turmoil and din of the city to look for rest and quiet, and professing to find them in the midst of clamor and excitement to which the tumult they leave is tame—to see shrewd business men and careful housewives year after year giving way to this unaccountable frenzy would be to our Celestial visitor a sufficiently entertaining spectacle. But to us who share in its degradation it is less amusing than pitiable. To any man who feels that instinctive reverence for womanhood which every man should imbibe with his mother's milk it is not pleasant to see his countrywomen doing their best, or worst, to forfeit the respect he finds it so hard to relinquish. And no man can spend a season at any of the fashionable watering places without seeing more than sufficient proof of the utter frivolity and worthlessness of most of the women who frequent them to send him away sick at heart, and thanking God that he has no sister or wife to rescue too late from their defilements.

Whatever may have been the original design of the watering places, that design has long become obsolete. People go to them no longer for health; on the contrary, instead of devoting the summer to repair the winter's exhaustion, the case is now reversed, and the remainder of the year is spent in recruiting from the prostration of the last summer, and recovering strength for the dissipations of the next. They have become now nothing more nor less than the grand show-cases of society, where our women flock every summer to display their dresses and their diamonds, the men to exhibit their horses and their wagons, and all to strive in a brainless and ruinous rivalry of vulgar magnificence. Health is not to be found thereat, nor comfort nor convenience of any sort; but a miserable ostentation and vanity are the pillars that support a monstrous fabric of idleness and profligacy and immorality. Not alone the immorality of extravagance, of costly dresses and priceless jewels unpaid for, or paid for with forfeit honor, but immorality of a darker sort is not wanting. Vice, to be sure, like all its surroundings, is here nothing if not genteel, and seldom, perhaps, goes to extremes; but the woman who can go through successive seasons at Saratoga without losing something more than the bloom of modesty and virtue, which she must surely lose in its noxious atmosphere and promiscuous herding, is more or less than human. We hold up hands of holy horror at the now, alas! startlingly frequent revelations of domestic depravity every day developed, and we continue to encourage and foster the very primary schools of this social degradation.

For the demoralization of the watering places not American men but American women are responsible. It is they who enable them to be; it is they who make them what they are; it is they whose extravagance and vanity warped them from their primitive innocence and converted them into the vast nurseries of mischief they have now become. Decry or doubt or sneer at this statement as they may, this stern fact is not to be disputed—that American watering places are to-day in all their surroundings and associations and social habits unfit places for any pure-minded woman to tarry in, and that they are so is the fault of those other women who look more to the beauty of the vessel than to the cleanliness of its contents. Here is a field for the champions of woman's rights which is yet untrod. We commend it to their attention.

FEMALE EDUCATION AND LABOR.

MUCH diversity of opinion exists touching the causes of the widespread social hardships under which females labor, especially in our large towns, where, as a rule, it is barely possible for a woman to earn a decent maintenance. There is plenty of work of a certain kind to be done, but the prices paid are so wretchedly small that in the majority of instances a woman who depends upon her daily handiwork for her daily bread finds the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet even when in good health, and must infallibly go to the wall in sickness unless helped and supported by friends. Very sad tales were disclosed at the convention of working-women in Boston, not very long ago; stories of women well nurtured and educated starving in damp cellars and unwholesome garrets on less than twenty-five cents a day, with no resource in health save public charity, no refuge in ill-health beside the public hospital, and often no alternative from absolute starvation but a living death still more dreadful. And Boston is no way peculiar; New York and all our large Eastern cities repeat with

trifling variation the same ghastly details. Everywhere it is the old tale of bitter struggles with poverty, of unceasing daily labor, of health undermined and constitutions ruined, of a brief slavish existence, a blighted life, and a premature grave. Even the introduction of the sewing-machine—at one time regarded as a great boon to a large class of these unfortunates—has aggravated instead of mitigating the evil. Competition is so great that first-class operators can only earn a miserable pittance, and experience has shown that even that cannot be depended upon for long, as few women can stand the strain of running a machine for more than a couple of years. What wonder, then, if so many of our sisters and daughters, after vainly struggling against the hardships of their lot, yield to temptation and, sacrificing virtue on the altar of existence, eke out by unlawful means what is denied to honest labor. A short time ago while returning from the New York Theatre a friend of the writer was accosted by one of these poor slaves, an intelligent-looking young woman, in the City of Churches, who, in answer to his question how she got her living, replied with bitter truth and sarcasm, "I run a sewing-machine all day, and my machine all night." Who dare venture to point at her and her fellows the finger of scorn, and call them frail, abandoned, profligate, and all the odious epithets which hard-hearted charity hurls unsparingly at them. The truth is they are victims to social Molochs, more sinned against than sinning, and deserving of the tenderest sympathy and commiseration. It is one of the reproaches of our age and country that so little has been done in this rich, free, Christian republic, by legislative, educational, or philanthropic agencies, to remove this blot on our social escutcheon. Public attention has been called of late, however, to this important subject, and agitation and discussion of the question will, it is to be hoped, lead to the discovery and adoption of practical ameliorative measures.

A large number of influential ladies recently met in New York in response to the call of "The American Woman's Educational Association" to forward a movement for securing endowed institutions for the training of women to special duties and professions, as men are now trained, having special reference, however, to the duties of home life. After a long and interesting discussion a series of resolutions was adopted, all directly or indirectly bearing upon the great problem of how adequately to remunerate female labor, and two of which we append as extending, in our judgment, very nearly to the root of the whole matter:

"Resolved, That every young woman should be trained to some business by which she can earn an independent livelihood in case of poverty.

"Resolved, That in addition to the various in-door employments suitable for women, there are other out-door employments especially favorable to health and equally suitable, such as raising fruits and flowers, the culture of silk and cotton, the raising of bees, and the superintendence of dairy farms and manufactures. All of these offer avenues to wealth and independence for women, as properly as men, and schools for imparting to women the science and practice of these employments should be provided and as liberally endowed as are the agricultural schools for men."

In this as in every other field of labor the compensating law of supply and demand holds full sway. Female work is badly paid because too many females follow the same employment—needlework in some form—and the majority of women throw themselves as a last resource upon this overburdened market, because they have never been trained to do anything else. Any reform, therefore, to be radical and effective, must begin in the family circle. Parents must give their daughters the same technical training they give their sons. Practical skill in any trade can only be acquired by long experience, and this discipline and practice is best obtained in youth. There is an old Oriental proverb to the effect that there is a place in the building for every stone prepared to fill it; and there is a niche, too, in the practical every-day temple of life for those who have qualified themselves to fill it. Among the Jews every boy, however wealthy his parents, was compelled to learn a trade, that he might be able to earn an honest living if fortune ever frowned upon him. Some such rule as this in our day, applying not only to boys but girls, if it were only practicable, would have an excellent effect. But though we cannot hope for much legislation in this direction, the same result may be produced by an enlightened public opinion acting on heads of families.

Next to teaching girls a trade of some kind, it is important to decide what to teach them. Obviously, diversity of employment should be sought for them as well as for the boys. No prudent father, unless under exceptional circumstances, would make all his boys farmers, or all printers, or all shoemakers, and so on; and the same prudence and foresight should be exercised in selecting for girls occupations suited to their intellectual and physical abilities. Of late various new avenues have been thrown open to female industry, and it is only reasonable to suppose that others yet closed would be if women were only prepared to walk in and take possession. One of the above resolutions points out how, in country places, women may find healthy employment and profitable remuneration in various out-of-door pursuits, and in towns there are many situations now filled by men in which women would be more in place. Why, for example, should there not be female waiters in all our large restaurants and hotels? Would the carrying to and fro of a few dishes and plates be too great a task upon feminine strength, or would female waiters be less effective or less attractive than our colored friends and brothers? True, dress might need modifying, but who could object to a bloomer costume if the wearer was civil, graceful, and attentive. Then, why should not ladies turn barbers and hair-cutters? Could not they manipulate the masculine adornment as pleasantly, as effectively as one of the nobler sex? Would the razor glide less smoothly, the pressure of feminine fingers on the masculine proboscis be

more painful, or the shears cut less keenly in the hands of a modern Delilah than in those of their effeminate predecessors. Why, again, should not women be shoemakers (of light work), cabinet-makers, painters, carvers and gilders, watchmakers, wood-turners, etc., as well as printers, telegraphers, or book-binders? Why, in short, should not women compete with men in every employment not necessitating the possession of great physical strength and endurance? The true answer undoubtedly is that they have never been regularly brought up to do any of these things, and cannot force an entrance into the closely-guarded precincts when necessity compels them to cast about for means to live.

In a short article like this space prevents us from taking more than a limited view of this important question. Various difficulties, we are aware, stand in the way of the realization of the working-women's aspirations. Home is undoubtedly woman's true and best position; but it is those who have no home, who are crowded out of the domestic hive into the busy thoroughfares of the world, and who find the odds in the battle of life terribly against them, to whom our suggestions are applicable. Girls naturally look forward to matrimony as a solution to all their troubles, and hence have fewer incentives than boys to thoroughly master a trade or profession; and if all young women could only become happy wives and mothers there would be little need to enlarge the present facilities for female labor. But this is not, and probably never will be, the case; and we have to deal with society as it is, not as it might and perhaps ought to be. The great point to enforce upon parents and guardians of youth is that all girls as well as boys be thoroughly taught some skilled handicraft as a resource in time of adversity; the practical details of carrying this duty into effect will then be promptly afforded. Young women could mingle in the workshop with men and boys under proper restrictions, or separate establishments might be formed of female workers under skilled foremen; and if institutions of this kind were endowed by the state or by private benevolence, according to the plan of the American Woman's Educational Association, an excellent practical step would be taken toward solving the problems involved in female labor.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

HOME AFFAIRS.

WILLIAM A. ROBINSON, charged with the murder of General McConnell, has been acquitted. The verdict was received with unusual demonstrations of applause, the prisoner on leaving the court receiving quite an ovation.—Near Poplar Springs, West Virginia, June 8, two brothers, James and Jesse Clouston, quarrelling about a table-cloth while shearing sheep, James stabbed Jesse to the heart with a pair of shears.—A young Shaker girl, weary of the restraints placed upon her, drowned herself at the New Lebanon settlement on the 6th inst.—Miss Ann Keefe, a pretty young girl of Jersey City, has accused James Farley, aged twenty-two, of breaking into her house and committing a rape upon her while under the influence of chloroform.—In a stabbing affray at Lima, N. Y., May 31, originating in a dispute about an old umbrella, Thomas Smith killed Patrick Gaskin.—The body of H. J. Barnes, a notorious horse-thief, was recently found, riddled with bullets, hanging to a tree near Mobile.—At Norfolk, Va., John Murray, a stone-mason, attempting to shoot Alexander Perry for seducing his daughter, was himself killed in the encounter.—John Konopec, a native of Bohemia, and general house-servant to Theodore Burmester, Boise City, Idaho, attempted to violate his employer's wife, but failing, shot her with a revolver, set the house on fire, and then shot himself, his body being consumed in the flames. Mrs. Burmester managed to escape from the burning house, but has since died.—At Barren Ruin, Pa., on the 7th, Samuel Barron killed his wife with a club, and then escaped in his shirt and pants to the woods, where he was found dead, two or three days later, hanging in a tree.—An Irish woman, Eliza Kehoe, residing in New York, has been charged with kidnapping children.—Colonel Crane was murdered at Jackson, Miss., on the 8th inst., by G. M. Yerger, in a quarrel about a piano, seized by the former for the non-payment of taxes. Yerger has been found guilty of wilful murder.—A man named Adams shot and dangerously wounded Dr. Enos Church, of Marshall, Mich., June 7, for taking improper liberties with his sister.—At Johnstown, N. Y., on the 7th, Michael Finnegan, a desperate character, chopped his wife's head to pieces with a hatchet.—Dr. John Day, of Battle Creek, Mich., found guilty of producing abortion, attempted to commit suicide by taking morphine, but failed.—Three little colored children were recently drowned at Allegan, Mich., by their stepmother, who pushed and held them in the Kalamazoo River until they were dead.—At Natchez, Miss., a young planter named Marr has been murdered by a gang, supposed to be negroes.—At Baldwinville, L. I., on the 10th, Mr. John Carleton was robbed on the highway by two men of a gold watch and chain, valued at two hundred dollars, and thirty dollars in bills.

A groundless rumor was current in New York on the 9th that the *City of Paris*, which sailed for Liverpool on the 5th, had foundered at sea and all on board been lost.—Mr. James M. Murdock, a wealthy merchant residing at Brighton, Mass., was driving through Boston on the 6th, when the horses became unmanageable, and he was thrown from his carriage and killed.—A tornado swept over Miamisburg, O., on the 9th, demolishing the bridge over the Great Miami River, unroofing houses, and inflicting other damage to property.—The train from Washington to New York on the night of the 9th, having on board President Grant and family, and Secretary Boutwell, who were en route for West Point, met with a severe accident near Annapolis, by running over a cow. Three cars were smashed, and nearly twenty persons injured, but none fatally. The car containing the President and party did not leave the track, and the occupants fortunately escaped with nothing more serious than a good shaking.—Through the carelessness of a drug clerk, who substituted atropine for morphine in a prescription, a painter in Brooklyn was nearly poisoned the other day.—At

Naples, Ontario County, N. Y., a boy was loading a gun to shoot crows, when it accidentally went off and killed a Mrs. Frank Thomas, who happened to be working in the room.

A large and obstinate fire broke out in a cabinet factory in West Thirty-second Street, New York, on the 10th, inflicting damage estimated at \$50,000.—On the 6th, at St. Albans, Vermont, the Union Block was completely destroyed; loss \$60,000.—On the 9th, at Cohoes, the Cataract House, overlooking the falls, was burnt down, the inmates barely escaping.—A large saw-mill and a grist-mill at Camden, New Jersey, were destroyed by an incendiary fire on the 6th; loss \$50,000.

A duel was fought at New Orleans, June 1, between L. Placide Canonge, editor of the *Epoque*, and Mr. Paul Alhaisa, an opera manager, the quarrel arising out of an editorial critique on the management of the opera which appeared in the *Epoque*. The affair was decided by swords, and resulted in a slight flesh-wound in the arm of Mr. Canonge.

The president of the Irish Republican Association of Pennsylvania has called for delegates to a convention in Chicago, July 4. His address states that the position taken by Senator Sumner deserves the support of all true Irishmen, and that a vast majority of Irish citizens will ally themselves with the Republican party for the practical enforcement of his policy and views.

Mr. Henry Bergh, the well-known philanthropic president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of New York, gave an interesting lecture on his favorite topic on the 10th. The value of cattle in the state of New York he estimated at \$500,000,000. Last year the number of dogs killed in New York City was 938, against 5,733 in the previous year; of these only one was mad.

An unsophisticated German in Iowa, visiting a saw-mill, got one of his fingers cut off by accident. Mr. Andrews, the owner, seeing him tying up the stump in his handkerchief, came up and inquired what was the matter? The victim of misplaced confidence replied: "Misther Andrews, I never comes to see your mills pefore. I seed dis ting going around so fast, I takes mein vinger to him, like dis, and—mein Gott!" In explaining his first mishap, the German touched the saw with his left forefinger, and that flew off. Turning to Andrews in almost breathless astonishment, the man exclaimed, "Mishter Andrews, I never comes to see your mills before; I see him; I never comes to see him again!" And wrapping that finger into his handkerchief, he started for a doctor's office.

The case of Miss Craig, of Cincinnati, against E. P. Sprague, of Chicago, for breach of promise of marriage, terminated at Wheaton, Ill., on the 7th, in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$100,000 damages. The defendant's counsel will apply for a new trial.

The regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club came off in New York Bay on the 8th, the *Gracie* and *Sadie* carrying off the laurels. On the 10th the New York Club had their annual contest, the *Idler*, *Sadie*, and *Whitecap* being declared the winners.

The editor of the *Warrenton Clipper*, Georgia, and other citizens, have been arrested by the sheriff and lodged in jail, where they are surrounded by a strong force of militia. Political difficulties are alleged as the cause of the arrests.

Arrangements are being made to charter an ocean steamer from St. Louis to Liverpool, as an experimental trip in connection with the through grain movement.

The American Institute of Homœopathy met in convention at Boston, June 8. One of its closing acts was an amendment of the constitution permitting women to become members. The next convention is to be held at Chicago.

The Jerome Park Spring Race Meeting began June 5, but the unfavorable weather greatly detracted from its success.

The journeymen bricklayers of Cincinnati have struck against an attempt to cut down their wages from \$5 to \$4 per day.

The Central Agricultural Fair at Trenton, N. J., beginning June 8, was quite a success, the exhibition of horses being the main attraction.

Londonderry, N. H., celebrated its one hundred and fifteenth anniversary on the 10th inst. Hon. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter, was the orator of the day.

The potters are on strike at Trenton, N. J. A mammoth co-operative pottery is likely to be one of the results of the strike.

A colony of Japanese have settled in El Dorado County, Cal., for the purpose of cultivating tea and silk.

The first Pullman dining-car passed over the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on its way to Sacramento, June 7.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE French election excitement has culminated at several points in serious riots. Great crowds of people assembled on the 7th in the Montmartre district, Paris, and the police were obliged to use force to disperse them. A scene of disorder also occurred the same night, before the Hotel de Ville; many persons were injured and a large number of arrests made. On the 9th and 10th the riots were again renewed in the Montmartre district. The mob broke through the line of police and formed a barricade, but were dispersed and pursued by the troops. Upwards of six hundred arrests have been made, and extraordinary precautions taken by the government to prevent further disturbances. The Emperor and Empress have shown great coolness and confidence, passing daily through the disturbed streets in an open carriage with only the usual number of attendants. They were enthusiastically cheered by the excited crowd. Several prominent members of the opposition, including MM. Thiers, Perry, Jules Favre, and Garnier Pages, have been elected by ballot. At Nantes the troops had to disperse the mob at the point of the bayonet, and many rioters were wounded. The next Corps Législatif will contain two hundred and thirteen government members, forty-two independents, and thirty-five radicals. The first meeting will be held on the 28th inst. The Duke de Persigny has advised the Emperor to introduce further liberal reforms. The successful loading of the French cable was celebrated on the 11th by a banquet on board the *Great Eastern*. After coaling, that vessel will at once leave Brest to execute her mission. Paris is reported to be quiet, but troops continue to patrol the streets.—Ismael Pacha has had an interview with Napoleon.—Baron Haussman, Prefect of the Seine, and the great beautifier of Paris, has resigned.—Several documents relating to the late disturbances have been seized by the government.

The determination of the Lords to reject the Irish Church bill has been violently condemned by the London liberal press, and Mr. Gladstone, it is said, threatens, if the bill is thrown out, to prorogue Parliament, inaugurate a new session, and force the measure through by creating a large batch of new peers. The Archbishop of Canterbury has counselled the bishops not to oppose the bill, and a large defection of conservative peers is now expected. A monster petition from Belfast has been presented against the measure, which has also been condemned by a conservative meeting in London. Immense Tory meetings have also been held in Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns. The debate on the bill in the Lords began on the 14th, the House being crowded in every part, but was adjourned without coming to a vote.—Emigration from Great Britain to the United States is now very active.—A terrible colliery accident occurred at Merthyr-Tydvil, South Wales, June 10, about seventy miners being killed by an explosion of fire-damp.—Large robberies of arms and ammunition by alleged Fenians are of daily occurrence in the south of Ireland.—The telegraphic lines throughout the kingdom will shortly pass into the government post-office department.—At the Ascot meeting *Brigantine*, the winner of the Oaks, won the gold cup, beating *Blue Gown*, the winner of last year's Derby; *Pero Gomez*, the Ascot Derby stakes, and *Thorwaldsen*, her Majesty's gold vase.—Mr. Motley, it is rumored, has made an official communication to the British government on the *Alabama* claims.

The Duke of Genoa has become a candidate for the Spanish throne. General Caballero de Rodas sailed for Cuba on the 10th. The country generally is tranquil. The army, navy, and civil magistrates are taking the oath to respect and obey the constitution, which has been promulgated throughout all the provinces. General Prim has eulogized the Mexicans, and Navarre advocates the election to the throne of the Duke of Montpensier, who is now in Andalusia, and has written to the Cortes giving in his adhesion to the new constitution.

Several reports have been received through Spanish sources of the surrender of large bodies of the patriots. A heavy engagement has taken place at Puerto Padre, in which the Cubans are said to have lost one thousand two hundred killed and wounded, and the Spaniards only sixty. A filibustering party has been surprised and defeated near Santiago, and all their stores and ammunition captured. The volunteers have full sway over the island, and have compelled the acting governor to countermand the request for further reinforcements.

The annexation resolution in the Nova Scotia legislature has been defeated. The resolutions admitting Newfoundland into the new Dominion passed through committee of the lower House on the 8th. The resolutions granting an additional subsidy to Nova Scotia have also passed the House.—John Tobin, an ex-member of the Halifax legislature, shot himself on the 9th inst.

"King Lanney," the last male aboriginal of Tasmania, recently died; the body was shockingly mutilated before burial by agents of the London College of Surgeons and the Tasmania Royal Society.

Honolulu has been visited by a severe earthquake. Drunkenness is fearfully prevalent in Hiosa, where on the death of an old prophet it was proclaimed that "God was dead," and the restriction on rum-drinking was removed.

Several members have been expelled from the Parliament of Victoria for bribery.

The United States depository at Santa Fé was robbed on the 6th of \$100,000. An insurrection has broken out among the Kirghese in Western Siberia. The German arctic expedition sailed from Bremen June 11.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LATIN SCHOLARSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your "Schoolboy" correspondent's tutor—a personal friend, as I had supposed, of Mr. Grant White—has, it seems, thought it prudent to take his weapons from the hand of his pupil, and come forward himself in defence of his friend. This, of course, is very generous; a friend in need is a friend indeed. However much I may admire his generosity, and however willing I might be to overlook, in view thereof, the tone of his letter, I must, nevertheless, call his attention to a few points wherein his ardor has led him into rashness. I shall try to be as lenient as possible, knowing how galling it must be for a teacher to have the limitations of his knowledge exposed to his pupil.

Firstly, I have not assumed that "nothing is Latin but that which can be found in the writings of authors of the Augustan and post-Augustan eras." What may be the limits of the "post-Augustan eras" I don't know; the era of Justinian is post-Augustan, but I should hardly call Latin every word to be found in the writers of that period. On the other hand, so far from limiting "the Latin language to an existence of about sixty years," I should call all the pre-Augustan writers, writers of pure Latinity.

Secondly, "Baccalaureus," while admitting that the etymology of the Latin language began to undergo disintegration in the fifth century, nevertheless "insists upon" an adjective which does not appear till the sixth. Insisting is not much of an argument.

Thirdly, He states that the verb *aterno* "did not appear until two centuries after the time of Accius." Nevertheless, Accius lived long enough to converse with Cicero, who was born in B. C. 106, and the word *aterno* was used by Terentius Varro, who died in B. C. 28, at the age of 88, and who was, therefore, contemporary with Accius for at least ten years—very probably twenty. Where, then, do the two centuries come from? *Eternabilis* is a perfectly legitimate formation from the verb *aterno*.

Fourthly, Of course it looks very learned to appear familiar with "Lubin's interesting *Antiquarius*," published in Amsterdam in 1594. It has, however, led "Baccalaureus" for once into a very strange blunder. The word *adolabilis*, used by Ennius, is, according to this great authority, to be interpreted as meaning "sine dolo," which your correspondent approves of, in preference to another etymology, "sine dolore." It is, I confess, hardly credible to me that any teacher of Latin should, at the present day, seriously countenance either of these etymologies. *Adolabilis* is, of course, an older form of *adulabilis*—that can be flattered; from *adulor*: compare *volnus* and *vulnus*, *hunc* and *hunc*, etc. Think of consulting a work published in 1594 for etymologies! Of course I should

'insult' "Baccalaureus," by hinting that he did not know the true etymology of *adulabilis*. Perhaps the above will suffice to show the nature and accuracy of "Baccalaureus'" knowledge of Latin etymology, and might justify me in declining to consider his views of the origin of words worthy of serious refutation. Still I may as well touch upon a point or two more; therefore,

Fifthly, He thinks an "intrepid" etymologist like me might take *amo* as the base of *amicabilis*. That would indeed be intrepid, but not much more so than to assume *perniciēs*, *exitium*, *serra*, as the bases of *perniciabilis*, *exitiabilis*, *serrabilis*. The bases in the three nouns are respectively *pernicie*, *exiti*, *serr*, whereas the bases of the three adjectives are *perniciā*, *exitiā*, *serrā*. Now, if "Baccalaureus" can account for the long *a* in the adjectives, without assuming a verbal base, then I shall say I have seen a Latin adjective in *bilis* with a nominal base. Of course it never entered into the heads of the etymologists of 1594, or even 1794, that such a letter required at all to be accounted for; however, the etymologists of our day are of a different opinion. As I showed in my last letter, the fact that the verbs are not in use proves nothing, to say nothing of the circumstance that they may very well have been in use without occurring in any work that has come down to us. Does "Baccalaureus" suppose that we have the whole vocabulary of the Latin tongue?

Sixthly, Your correspondent thinks it a piece of arrogance on my part to despise the etymologies of the older dictionaries. Max Müller, however, says: "It is only in the present century that etymology has taken its rank as a science" (*Lectures*, 2d Series, p. 242, Eng. ed.) "Mere guesses," he continues, "however plausible, are completely discarded from the province of scientific etymology. What etymology professes to teach is no longer merely that one word is derived from another; but how to prove, *step by step*, that one word was regularly and necessarily changed into another." I might, therefore, be excused for laying little store by the etymology of Facciolati and Forcellini, whose lexicon was published in 1771.

Seventhly, *Amico* may be a "poor verb," but it does not occur in the period which I consider "not Latin at all."

Eighthly, "Baccalaureus" says, "The lexicon of Facciolati and Forcellini gives *amicus* as its base," i. e., of *amicabilis*. Now, I should like to suggest that an adjective in *bilis* formed upon the base *amicus* would be *amicus-bilis*, which I have never met with. If it does occur, it is certainly formed from a noun.

"But for all this," says "Baccalaureus," "I care little." Of course not; that is pretty evident. He merely wants an opportunity, and only one, of rebuking me for the style of my criticism, and for my personal attacks upon his friend. Very thoughtful and very generous! However, we all know the old trick of putting one's self in the boots of his scholarship, and, when the latter is attacked, complaining that one's self is hurt. Had my "victims" been able to defend their scholarship, we should have heard little of personal attacks. It is a very convenient way to silence any searching criticism, or severe dealing with culpable ignorance, to call it a personal attack. There is another convenient mode of meeting criticism, and I find "Baccalaureus" is not the only person who uses it. It is an argument something in this shape: "That piece of information is so easily obtained—can, in fact, be found in the commonest dictionary—that I must have been a fool not to have known it." Of course, then, an opponent does not care to take the alternative and say, "Perhaps so;" but for all that it does not follow that the person defending himself knew the fact in question. The argument is a mere *ruse* to give the attack a personal turn. "Baccalaureus" feels quite insulted by my saying that he did not seem to know of the existence of *culpo*. He says it is "a word which one can't read Ovid or almost any Latin author [!] without meeting, which, of necessity, lies in a lexicon within a line or two of *culpabilis*." The argument from this is that he must have known it. I have no doubt now that he did, but *non sequitur*. I did not know but "Baccalaureus" might be one of those persons who have a great contempt for lexicon information.

I have no intention, at present, of attacking Mr. White or quarrelling with your correspondent's panegyric on his "vein of pleasantry," "good nature," and "unassuming scholarship." However, as I have the December number of the *Galaxy* before me, I would refer persons who may care to see a genuine specimen of the last and compound characteristic, to Mr. White's article in it.

There are a few other points, particularly one relating to my insinuation, which I should like to touch upon; but as this letter is already too long, I stop.

I am, sir, most faithfully yours,

Θ Δ.

THE POSSESSIVE CASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: "Θ Δ," in reply to my letter on the possessive case, intimates that I have answered my own question without being aware that I have done so. But I think neither of us has answered it. He says I have shown that the possessive case *can* be used as an antecedent to a personal pronoun; I say I have shown merely that it *is* so used, while I question the correctness of the usage.

His analysis of the line, "When I heard Jane's voice I knew that *she* was safe," goes no further than to show the *meaning* of the line, which everybody already knows. My point is, that grammatically, "Jane's voice" and "the voice of Jane" are not identical phrases. He says that *she* refers to "Jane;" but the difficulty is, that "Jane" is *not there*. How can *she* refer to something not in the sentence? Any one can see what the meaning is; but it has been often shown, in the *Round Table* and elsewhere, that a sentence is not rendered grammatical by the fact that it is intelligible.

The other point of my letter, *himself* instead of his *self*, is exhaustively treated by "Θ Δ;" and perhaps his elucidation is satisfactory. But what would he say to the propriety of *himself*, when the two words of which it is compounded are separated by an adjective?

him unworthy self,
him wretched self,
him noble self,
him very self, etc.

If *his* must be used for *him* in those cases, why should it not be so used *without* the adjective?

EDWARD S. GOULD.

Troy, N. Y., June 19.

POETRY.

THE HYDRIOT BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MUELLER.

I WAS a little youngster, when with him to the sea,
Ere I could scarcely toddle, my father carried me;
And there to swim he taught me, held safe up by his hand,
Then dive the blue waves under, down to the shining sand.
Three times into the water a silver coin he cast,
And I three times must fetch it—my well-earned pay at last.
A pair of oars he gave me, on board a boat to go,
While he stood by with patience, and showed me how to row;
With strokes both quick and steady, to break the billows' might,
Avoid the dangerous eddy, and with the breakers fight.
For our large ship soon after I left my little skiff,
Round many a reef storm-driven, and many a rocky cliff:
Aloft I sat, and, 'neath me, both sea and land could view;
The shore shot swiftly past us, high towers and mountains too.
My father bid me notice the sea-birds sweeping by,
The courses of the breezes, the clouds that trailed on high;
And when, ev'n to the water, the mast by storm was bent,
And, dashing far above me, the waves in fury went,
Then in my face my father looked with a searching eye,
But in the shrouds, unfearing, I sat, nor uttered cry;
To me, with cheeks red-glowing, aloud he called with joy:
"Hurrah! my brave young sailor—my little Hydriot boy!"
To-day a sturdy broadsword he trusted to my hand,
And vowed that I should battle for God and Fatherland.
With keen glance me he measured with pride from top to toe;
Deep, deep down in my bosom that glance it seemed to go.
I held my sword tow'ards heaven, and in that hour began,
As firmly I looked at him, to think myself a man;
To me, with cheeks red-glowing, aloud he called with joy:
"Hurrah! my brave young soldier—my little Hydriot boy!"

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.*

WE do not at all see the appropriateness of the title of Mr. Coffin's record of his travels. No new way round the world has been opened up, and the author certainly journeyed through none but old, well-beaten paths, except for a portion of the route east from San Francisco, when he passed over the then unfinished Pacific Railroad. But the completion of this great road on the 10th of May last—not on the 8th, as Mr. Coffin erroneously states—occupying as it does, and deservedly, so large a share of public attention, furnishes Mr. Coffin with a convenient key upon which to hang his notes of observations on foreign lands. The description of the new railroad occupies only four and a half pages out of upwards of five hundred; but as books are written to sell, authors must, of course, choose a title likely to be attractive, whether *apropos* to the contents of the volume or not. One would suppose that *our new way round the world* would be westward by rail to San Francisco, thence to Asia, passing through the Suez Canal to Europe, and arriving on our Eastern shores by one of the numerous lines of Atlantic steamers; and this is substantially the course Mr. Coffin recommends travellers to pursue, although he himself made the grand tour in an opposite direction. His own statement is:

"It was in November, 1867, that we took our departure from England for a tour round the world by the new way, in advance of its opening, across the American continent."

It is somewhat puzzling to understand what this awkward, disjointed sentence really means, and how the tourist could go by a road which was not yet open, and round the world by a way which only stretched across the American continent. But travellers, like poets, may claim a certain amount of license not accorded to less privileged mortals. Mr. Coffin would certainly fare very badly if his book were really worth the trouble of being pulled to pieces. He is generally a pleasant, epigrammatic writer, but his English is often slipshod, awkward, and inaccurate. Three little words in particular—and, it, and the—are completely unmanageable; it does duty with delightful ambiguity for substantives two or three sentences ahead, and sometimes for nouns to which the reader has not been introduced at all; and is omitted where it ought to be inserted, and inserted where it ought to be omitted, with provoking pertinacity; and the is such a great favorite with the writer that some sentences are half-formed of the repetition of this monosyllable—in one, occupying four or five lines, the word occurs no fewer than thirteen times. Mr. Coffin writes throughout in the present tense, and judging from this fact and the general tone of his descriptions, which seem to have been written hurriedly, with the usual crudities and inexactness of correspondence, we should say that these foreign notes first appeared in some newspaper as letters from our special correspondent, and were afterwards cut down, touched up, and partially rewritten, to adapt them for more permanent publication. The fact that the sketches were written on foreign soil must be perpetually remembered, otherwise, as in the following sentence, strange meanings will be attached to various adverbs of place:

"To an American a journey anywhere in Europe is full of interest. New scenes are ever coming into view. Rural life here presents strange contrasts to what he has been accustomed to see at home" (p. 5).

Glancing over the earlier pages of the book we notice numerous inelegant, inaccurate, and ambiguous statements, a few of which we select at random: "Mr. Gladstone, in Parliament, had brought forward a bill that had been defeated, and which defeat had swept," etc. (p. 1); "the moneyed power of the realm was against them, as also [was?] church and state, and the precedents of English history" (p. 2); "we pass down the valley of the Rhone, looking out upon the lime-

* *Our New Way Round the World*. By Charles Carleton Coffin, author of *Four Years of Fighting*, etc. Fully illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

stone rocks of the Jura range of mountains, occupying such an important place in the geological system that one of the grand divisions is called the Jurassic formation" (pp. 6-7); "we behold the distant Alps, their summits gleaming with snow, the vines and olives adorning the hill-sides, and villages nestled in sunny nooks" (p. 7); "six hundred years before the time of Christ . . . the Phœnicians, coasting along the shore, discovered the natural advantages of this harbor [the harbor of Marseilles], and established [here] a maritime colony. From that time to the present it [the shore, the harbor, the colony, or the chief town of the colony?] has been one of the chief ports of the coast" (p. 7); "coal must be brought from distant lands; corn-stalks are used for fuel; roots are grubbed from the mountain-sides; everything that can give warmth is prized" (p. 7); the author doubtless means that "corn-stalks, and roots grubbed from the mountain-side, are used as fuel;" "The Peninsular and Oriental [steamship company] send a steamer every week, . . . the *Messageries Impériales* has steamers" (pp. 10-11); "The great tide of travel sets toward Egypt in the winter" [where from?]; (p. 12); the table "is see-sawing at a tremendous rate," although the vessel is running "gloriously" directly before the wind (p. 12); "We can see the red-hot lava dimly glowing on the top of the mountain" [Stromboli] (p. 15). Though "Vesuvius just now is in eruption, while Stromboli, which usually is one of the most active volcanoes on the face of the earth, has suddenly become quiet" (p. 16); "the fourth day from Marseilles, we beheld the western coast of Greece, the bay of Navarino, where," etc. (p. 17); we "enter the Gulf of Coran, and behold a clear sharp outline of mountains; . . . gazing steadily, we can see black specks on the sides of the mountain" (p. 17); "Pullman's palace cars will run the entire distance, giving travellers state-rooms by night and a drawing-room by day. They [cars, travellers, or state-rooms?] will be supplied with every comfort," etc. (p. 511).

In the description of Greece we find the following:

"From this port sailed the fleet of Themistocles, 2347 [?] years ago, bound for Salamis. We think of Athens deserted—the inhabitants accepting the advice of the great admiral to go on shipboard and achieve a victory behind wooden walls over the Persian fleet. Upon the hill west of us Xerxes sat upon his golden throne, wearing royal robes, with courtiers around him, and secretaries with tablets in their hands to record the names of those who distinguished themselves in the fight, that they may be engraved in the marble halls of Babylon. His mighty army was encamped on the hill-side which we dimly discern in the pale moonlight.

"We think of Aristides on the little island down the harbor; of Æschylus, who was in the fight, whose heroic verse recounting the deeds of his countrymen will ever stand a monument more enduring than the Parthenon. We can almost see the battle—the three hundred and ten ships, the combined navies of Athens, Sparta, and Ægina, on the one side, and the thousand vessels of Xerxes on the other, gathered from all along the coast of Asia Minor, from Byzantium down to old Tyre, Joppa, and Egypt. We behold the advance of the Athenian fleet—see the dip of thousands of oars—hear the joyous war song of the rowers—then the clash of swords, the rattle of spears, the shout, clamor, and uproar of battle; and when the sun goes down, the conflict over, we see the Persian fleet annihilated, the bay filled with sinking wrecks, dead bodies floating with the tide, wounded men struggling in the waves. We hear the pæans of victory rising on the evening air from the triumphant Athenians. There is commotion on yonder hill. The vast multitude is moving away, the king taking the lead, mortified, enraged, returning to Babylon, to the palace of the beautiful queen, the Esther of the Bible—to the city where Mordecai was prime minister, prime in the fullest sense of the term!"

The picture of the baffled king returning for consolation to the palace of the beautiful Esther forms a pretty closing tableau to a rather graphic picture, but unfortunately it lacks one important element—Esther was not queen at the time, nor was Mordecai prime minister. The great council to decide upon the Grecian expedition, and at which queen Vashti offended her lord, the Ahasuerus of Scripture, was in the third year of Xerxes' reign. It was not until four years afterward, in the seventh year of the monarch's reign and one year after the attack on Greece, when the king naturally sought in his harem some antidote for his repulse, that Hadassah, the Jewish maiden, became his queen; and it was not till some time after her promotion that Haman was hanged, and Mordecai made prime minister.

On p. 66 Mr. Coffin gives these specimens of how Queen Victoria's subjects murder the queen's English:

"'Shall we find it very hot in India at this season of the year?' we asked of a gentleman at the dinner-table. 'Hit depends very much were you here, and 'ow you do hit. Hif you 'eat your blood in Hindia, you will feel the 'eat. Has far has heating is concerned, don't 'ave hancare; heat wat you please.'

"'You will find it very 'ot, sir,' says a lady; 'you will wish you was hin han hicc-'ouse.'"

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that this conversation is simply the product of Mr. Coffin's imagination, and is doubtless intended by him to excite a little laughter among his American readers at poor John's expense. The fact is that no uneducated Englishman living would or could pronounce "hin han hicc-'ouse" or "has far has heating," the middle aspirate would infallibly beat him, and the *g* in "heating" would certainly be dropped.

Mr. Coffin's book is really a description of India and China, with brief notices of Egypt, Japan, and California. In the first-named country Baboo Chunder is his great authority; in China and Japan we seem to be travelling over again with Fortune, Huc, and Alcock; and in California are taken over ground made familiar by Richardson, Hittell, and other writers. Mr. Coffin has certainly manufactured a tolerably readable book, but there is little in it that is new and nothing to kindle our curiosity or enchain our attention. With good powers of observation and a facile pen, the author lacks humor and imagination, and the pages sooner or later begin to grow monotonous and wearisome. In spite of good printing and some excellent illustrations and maps, *Our New Way Round the World* fails to captivate us, and we lay it aside without the slightest particle of regret, or the least probability that we shall ever be tempted to take up the volume again.

WARWICK.*

A BOOK of the *St. Twelmo* order, claiming the surprising merit of out-running its prototype in the steeple-chase after the impossible, the absurd, the sublimely ridiculous, upon a verbal charger of undoubted wind, though of questionable bottom. Heroine equal parts of Venus and Minerva, as usual, with the addition of certain Madonna-like traits; has a bad habit of dropping the aphrodisiacal at critical points of the to-be love-story to take up with philology, archaeology, zoology, and the rest of the "ologies," *seriatim*, or to point the funny moral and adorn the fantastic tale of *Warwick* with the most inopportune scriptural allusions. *Quid* Minerva, she finds her adnate in the sub-hero, the villain, fabulously wealthy, to whose knowledge the wisdom of Solomon was as the artless prattle of a babe, who had a leaning for numismatics, kept a wonderful private menagerie, and was finally blown up with some of his chemical compounds. Venus and Madonna, however, come out all right in the end; she finds her connate in the

hero, a seedy author with a "mission" and a strong infusion of the Christly, who cures her sick horse *Warwick* of the blind-staggers and makes himself generally useful. He does his mission up brown and elevates the human race, to say nothing of getting hold of all the money that villain had cheated him out of. This hero is one of those tiresome creatures everlastingly talking shop and smelling horribly of his mission, constantly damning every chance of success he has by running his sickly sentiment full tilt against common sense. He didn't deserve his pecuniary luck, and we are glad to see that he had to take Minerva, etc., as an offset.

This is the romantic side of the performance; the tale of passion, love, and things; the golden thread of fancy, so to speak, upon which the pearls of thought and the diamonds of fact are to be strung; this, in short, is the book as a novel—we only wish it were more of a novelty in literature. But the book is also largely, we may say highly, archaeological and otherwise learned, as was to have been surmised from the sub-title. St. Elmo, we always thought, knew a thing or two; we are pained to discover that he wasn't so very learned after all, and respectfully refer Miss Evans to the firm of the Earle Brothers, if she should stand in need of any more literary o' clo's—her choice, from a select assortment, for \$1 75. In the *Lost Nationalities of America* department is offered a little of everything that could be fished out of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, *Goldsmith's Animated Nature*, *Theophrastus Paracelsus*, and a perfect constellation of Grecian, Roman, and Oriental dictionaries, to say nothing of certain articles of home manufacture. If the Nationalities didn't get mixed up a little it would be a wonder; in fact, we see a reason for their being lost that never struck us before. In the face of a fearfully and wonderfully brilliant display of erudition we hesitate to exercise our prerogative of critic; the more so, seeing that much of the learning is couched in foreign tongues—sprightly French, and guttural German, and sibilant Spanish, and soft Italian, and sonorous Roman, and polyphloisbaean Greek, alternating with some words of the Comanche and English dialects; Mr. Carleton's limitation in the way of fonts, we suppose, only precluding Celtic and Coptic, and Egyptian hieroglyphic. Being too busy to take up a special course of study in the languages, to find out what the author is driving at, we must take it for granted the nationalities are fixed up all right; or that, if they aren't, they ought to be, which is the same thing, because a picture of the mammoth cave, found in the Island of Salamis, was painted with mastodons in the foreground instead of grasshoppers, which would have been a burden, considering the antiquity of the artistic representation, *q. e. d.* Exit Columbus & Co., hiding their modern heads; enter Aztec and Toltec, *via* Behring's Straits, with a sprinkling of Norsemen from the other side of the stage; green lights and slow music; tableau.

The style of writing that the author adopts may be judged by the following fair sample; which, as the reader may discover, if he have patience, is a plain statement of what the hero had on:

"The firm and simple fabric had fought a glorious battle with the vicissitudes and storms of life; but now the intricate labor of the weaver was rapidly becoming manifest, and the suit of brown was fast approaching dissolution. The condition 'seedy' had been passed, and the garments were separated from the designation or state euphoniously denominated 'played out' by the mere forbearance of a nail-head, a door-lock, or the jagged edge of a dry-goods box. Nevertheless, so glorious was the physical symmetry of the man, so fastidiously clean his skin from his daily ablutions, so carefully arranged his misty, curly hair, that the suit of brown in its reduced condition could not render him beggarly—only sadly, pitifully beautiful" (p. 21; a literal quotation).

When we find "glorious" used twice in a description of an old coat and trousers, and read that designations are denominated, we feel like the countryman who didn't swear when his potatoes rolled down hill because he couldn't do justice to the occasion. Resigning hope in the matter of style, and opening the book at random for a specimen of its writer's ideas, we are confronted by this:

"Pure rationalism tends to sensuality, encourages egotism, discourages patriotism and heroism, and eventually is fatal to public and private virtue. When I see its effects upon such gifted men as Schiller, Goethe, Frederick Schlegel, De Wette, Schott, Paulus, all the brilliant men who were swept away from truth by the Kantian philosophy; when I see their spiritual and sublime manhood blasted by its teachings, I am thankful that—" (p. 181).

And we are thankful that the writer hangs out such an unequivocal beacon to warn us to steer clear of his shoals of nonsense. We close with a recommendatory suggestion: that philology is one thing and "logophily" another; that if any man tries to condense all the lore of ages and Webster's Unabridged into a small octavo, to be called *Warwick*, or anything else, he will get more kicks than half-pence for his pains; somebody will always be found to say, in substance, if not in the letter, *parturiunt verba, nascetur ridiculus mus*.

LIBRARY TABLE.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING. By George Eliot, author of the *Spanish Gypsy*, etc. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.—A pretty story George Eliot has here cleverly transferred from Boccaccio, "in whose bright pages it pleased her long ago," and reset in graceful verse. The story and the style are alike as unremarkable as they are unpretentious; and criticism is disarmed in face of what is, and is so plainly meant to be, only a pleasant trifle. Gazing from her father's casement at the procession which celebrated the deliverance of Palermo from the yoke of the hated French, young Lisa,

" . . . gentle Lisa, of no noble line,
Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,
Who from his merchant city hither came
To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame,
And had the virtue not to buy and sell
Drugs that had none."

sees and straightway loves King Pedro, riding at its head, who, "in all eyes, was the king of cavaliers," and who to her maiden vision was the very ideal hero of her dreams. Yet she loves not with any hope of return, but purely for the sake of loving, and her highest aspiration is that the king may know how she loved him before she dies. That seems impossible, and so, consumed by this hopeless longing, she pines and fades nigh unto death, until in a dream she sees "Menuccio, the sweet singer," and knows that he is to be her messenger to the king. He is brought at her earnest entreaty, and being

" . . . a singer of most gentle fame,
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate
That he was famous, but that song was great;
Would sing as finely to the suffering child
As at the court where princes on him smiled."

—a model tenor, truly—hears her story, and promises to make the king aware of

**Warwick*; or, *the Lost Nationalities of America: A Novel.* By Mansfield Tracy Watworth. New York: G. W. Carleton. London: Low, Son & Co. 1869.

her passion. So, procuring a poet friend to put it into verse, he sings it to the king, who, touched with pity and deeming that

"Raona were a shame to Sicily,
Letting such love and tears unhonored be,"

visits Lisa that very afternoon, and

"Staid beside her for a little while,
With gentle looks and speech, until a smile
As placid as a ray of early morn
On opening flower-cups o'er her lips was borne."

After this she gets well apace; joy proves an apt leech:

"She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest;
For treasure must be valued by the test
Of highest excellence and rarity,
And her dear joy was best as best could be.
There seemed no other crown to her delight,
Now the high loved one saw her love aright,
Thus her soul, thriving on that exquisite mood,
Spread like the Maytime all its beauteous good
O'er the soft bloom of neck and arms and cheek,
And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,
Until she rose and walked, and like a bird
With sweetly rippling throat she made her spring-joys heard."

Meantime the king and queen, who

"... had that chief grace
Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace
All goodness in another woman's form,"

determine to visit Bernardo and felicitate him upon his daughter's recovery, which they do in all state, attended by their court. King Pedro makes Lisa a chivalric speech, proclaiming himself for ever her true knight, and, begging her not to

"... wrong herself and Sicily
By letting all her blooming years go by
Unmated,"

proposes to her as a worthy spouse the youthful, brave, and well-born Perdicone, who to his other merits adds that of loving her.

"... She, loving well
The lot that from obedience befell,"

they are straightway betrothed.

"And that no joy might lack, the king, who knew
The youth was poor, gave him rich Cefalù
And Cataletta—large and fruitful lands,
Adding much promise when he joined their hands."

This is all the tale, a simple and a pleasant one, as pleasantly and simply told. Beyond the interest which must always attach to all whereon George Eliot sets the impress of her genius, there is nothing in this *brochure* of great literary value, and it would have done better to fill up a volume of minor pieces than for publication in a volume by itself. But the reader who is willing to accept it for what it is will take pleasure in the tenderness of its incidents and the grace of its narrative.

Life of Philip Doddridge, D.D. By D. A. Harsha. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The biography of a man of truly devout and pious life must always be interesting to thoughtful readers. This volume gives a sketch of Doddridge, the eminent divine, with extracts from his letters, sermons, and hymns. It is not as minute in its details of his daily life and personal habits as we expect a biography to be, but treats rather of the growth and active effects of his piety. Without making any special pretensions to literary merit, the memoir is well written.

NEW MUSIC.

FROM Messrs. Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, we have received the following:

Au bord du Lac. By Carl Wolfsohn.—A charming *morceau de salon*, not too difficult and well and solidly written, as indeed we should expect from so fine a pianist and so good a musician as Mr. Wolfsohn.

New waltzes are always acceptable, and we can recommend the *Cassie Waltzes*, by L. Schreiner.

Mozart's *Oxen Waltz*, so called.—The name of our best-beloved of all the great masters is more frequently on our tongues than are his works to be seen on our pianos, and a reprint of any trifle from his hand should always be welcome.

The Mocking-bird.—Mr. Edward Hoffman has made an ingenious combination of this popular tune and the more ancient melody of *Auld Lang Syne*, and has, moreover, arranged it for four, six, or eight hands, making a capital piece for drill, and one which schools and conservatories will probably avail themselves of.

Evening Bells. By Gustav Lange. Published by Messrs. Lyon & Healy, Chicago.—A very graceful imitation of the famous *Monastery Bells* of Talex, and, like that delightful piece of imagination, fit only to be played on a very good or a very new piano.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, New York.—Good Society: A Complete Manual of Manners. Pp. 302. 1869.

JAMES MILLER, New York.—Friends in Council: A Series of Readings and a Discourse thereon. A New Series. Two vols. in one. Pp. 261-302. 1869.

Capt. James Box's Adventures and Explorations in New and Old Mexico; being the Record of Ten Years' Travel and Research. By Capt. Michael James Box, of the Texan Rangers. Pp. 344. 1869.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Poems of Rural Life, in Common English. By William Barnes. Pp. 158. 1869.

Carmine Crucis. By Dora Greenwell. Pp. 136. 1869.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.—The Newcomes: Memoirs of a most Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. Household Edition. Pp. 551. 1869.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Five Acres too Much. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Pp. 296. 1869.

R. CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati.—History of Athens County, Ohio, and incidentally of the Ohio Land

Company, and the First Settlement of the State at Marietta. By Charles M. Walker. With Maps and Portraits. Pp. 600. 1869.

Col. George Rogers Clark's Sketch of his Campaign on the Illinois in 1778-9. With an Introduction by the Hon. Henry Pirtle, of Louisville. Pp. 119. 1869.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.—Women's Suffrage, the Reform against Nature. By Horace Bushnell. Pp. 184. 1869.

LEVOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Stretton: A Novel. By Henry Kingsley. With Illustrations. Pp. 250. 1869.

The Habermeyer: A Tale of the Bavarian Mountains. Translated from the German of Herman Schmid. Pp. 379. 1869.

Italy, Florence, and Venice. From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. Pp. 385. 1869.

M. W. DODD, New York.—The Gospel Treasury; and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists. Compiled by Robert Mimpriss. Two vols. in one. Pp. 336-519. 1868.

WILLIAM BALLANTYNE, Washington.—Sermons. By Rev. Octavius Perinchieff. Edited by Charles Lanman. Pp. 308. 1869.

PAMPHLETS.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Sacristan's Household: A Story of Lippe-Deimold. He knew He was Right. By Anthony Trollope.

C. H. DITSON, New York.—Messe Solennelle. By Rossini. The Nineteenth Century, New York Medical Record, Overland Monthly, Littell's Living Age.

[We print below, from the pen of one of the counsel for Jefferson Davis, the seventh of a series of articles the nature of which is described in the heading. It is proper to explain that we do not concur in all the views expressed in these articles; but that they appear in the *Round Table* because of our belief in the utility of a free expression of all honest opinion, and because of our respect for the candor, patriotism, and learning of the writer, who, having made his subject a long and anxious study, is well qualified to interest and instruct upon it even in most cases where he may fail to convince.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

DAVIS AND LEE;

OR, THE REPUBLIC OF REPUBLICS.

An attempt to ascertain, from the Federal Constitution, from the acts of the pre-existent States, and from the contemporaneous expositions of the fathers, the SOVEREIGNTY, CITIZENSHIP, ALLEGIANCE, and TREASON of the United States, the obligation of the President's Constitutional Oath, and the reasons why the trial of the Confederate Chiefs was evaded. By one of the Counsel of Jefferson Davis.

CHAPTER VII. THE ARCHITECTS' IDEA OF THE EDIFICE.

WAS our federal system several distinct and sovereign political bodies, self-united, and consequently superior to the voluntary bonds; or were these pre-existent bodies reduced from states to provinces, and consolidated into one commonwealth or nation? This is a simple inquiry of fact, as free from intrinsic difficulty as is such question concerning thirteen complete buildings which the thirteen separate proprietors had united under a single, all-sheltering roof, and provided with common corridors, walks, kitchen, back yard, stable, pig-pen, hen-roost, and garden; or concerning thirteen pre-existent colleges, self-united in a university; or concerning thirteen neighboring proprietors who establish a common agency for their common concerns; or concerning thirteen associated commonwealths, whose "U. S." means "united sisters" instead of "united states." In all such cases the individualities are facts or entities unchanged by association, and the thing formed by such association is technically named and described in legal and political terminology.

Now, if Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, Brunel, Michael Angelo, or Cheops had contemporaneously spoken or written of the structure he was building, that it was a palace, a church, a pyramid, or a tunnel, it would be laughable if some one—whether architect or not—were to say, in after years, "No, it is a wharf," "an obelisk," "a bridge," or "a steamship;" and if the latter were to argue on it he would be derided, especially as the matter is one of fact and not of interpretation—of technical description and not of argument. The object of this chapter is to present the positive and unambiguous statements of the great architects of the federal edifice, in direct contrast with the utterances of Dane, Story, and Webster, and their perverting followers.

THE PERVERSION TO BE EXPOSED.

In chapter ii. I showed, by quotations, that the fathers considered sovereignty to remain in the people, and the so-called governments to be mere agencies with delegated powers. Of course this proved the falsity of the assumed "absolute supremacy" of "the government" over the states and their people. This chapter will prove the following cognate assertions to be not merely mistaken opinions, but entire, though probably unintentional, untruths. They are to be found in Mr. Webster's great speech of 1833. He asserted that "contemporary history," *The Federalist*, "the debates in the conventions of states," and "the writings of friends and foes," all agreed that "a change had been made, from a confederacy of states, to a different system;" that the Constitution was made by "the people of the United States in the aggregate;" that therein they, the said people or nation, "distributed their powers between their general governments and their several state governments;" that this was their "supreme law," and that by it "state sovereignty was effectually controlled;" or, as the Philadelphia Convention more recently but as correctly worded it—"the government" has "absolute supremacy," and the states are bound "in allegiance" thereto! It is plain that these are assertions of fact. They are either true or false. I shall prove them herein to be entirely and absurdly untrue.

THE INQUIRY IS ONE OF FACT.

We are necessarily dealing with facts, or inferences therefrom, when we attempt to ascertain from the Constitution and history what the Constitution and government under it are. When the states (or the people) acted, what, in point of fact, did they make? Was it a federation of states, or was it a single state, divided into counties or provinces? I shall duly prove herein the following facts: 1st. That the states existed, as separate and independent sovereign states, before the federal Constitution. 2d. That they, as commonwealths, alone acted in establishing that Constitution and the government under it. 3d. That the entire existence and powers of the said government are from and under them. 4th. That each and every federal functionary is a citizen and subject of a state, elected by, and acting for, such state. 5th. That our "United States," or "Union of States"—as these phrases indicate—is a federation of sovereignties. Now, these are facts or falsehoods. I shall prove them to be facts beyond controversy, and show that the federal Constitution, the history of its formation, and all the acts and records of the states concur in proving them. This chapter is devoted to showing that the fathers unqualifiedly asserted the Union to be a *federation of sovereign states*; and that they considered the federal government to be alike the creation, the agency, and the subject of the states.

TESTIMONY OF THE WRITERS OF "THE FEDERALIST."

The statements of Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Washington, and Franklin are of more weight than all other authorities on any question involving the origin and nature of the Constitution; and they fully and precisely support all the above assertions of fact. The three first mentioned are the great triumvirate who wrote the series of papers in 1788 afterwards collected in a volume, and called *The Federalist*. This is universally considered to be the most authoritative of all commentaries on the federal Constitution, as it was written by the very ablest of the framers, at the time that the states were in process of deciding upon it, and as it powerfully aided in overcoming the charges against, and the apprehensions concerning, the proposed system. I wish it particularly noted that

all the extracts contradict Messrs. Dane, Story, and Webster—whose dogmas are above stated in the language of the last—in the most positive manner; and they decisively refute the numerous Curtises, Mansfields, Jamesons, Parkers, Brownsons, Greeleys, Raymonds, and other "professors of constitutional law," politicians, so-called statesmen, and newspaper editors, who nowadays habitually reiterate the assertions of the aforesaid great men, and voluminously sophisticate to support the same.

Said Alexander Hamilton, in articles 9 and 85 of *The Federalist*: "If the new plan be adopted, the Union will still be, in fact and in theory, an association of states, or a confederacy." "Every constitution for the United States must inevitably consist of a great variety of particulars, in which thirteen independent states are to be accommodated in their interests, or opinions of interest. . . . Hence the necessity of making such a system as will satisfy all the parties to the compact." In an address, dated February 18, 1789, to the people of New York, he said: "The people of this state are the SOVEREIGNS of it." The whole federal history, and the present constitution of New York, precisely quadrate with these principles.

James Madison, in articles 39 and 40 of *The Federalist*, said: "Each state, in ratifying the Constitution, is considered as a SOVEREIGN body, independent of all others, and only to be bound by its own voluntary act. In this relation, then, the new Constitution will be a federal, and not a national, Constitution." "The states are regarded as distinct and independent SOVEREIGNS . . . by the Constitution proposed." His speeches in the Virginia Convention set forth the same views (see Vol. IV. Ell. Deb.).

John Jay argued in favor of the states "continuing united under one federal government, vested with sufficient powers for all general and national purposes;" and opposed the idea of "forming three or four confederacies instead of one." He further said: "Some time must yet elapse before all the states will have decided on the present plan." This he characterized as a "union of states." I quote partly from *The Federalist*, and the rest from his "address to the people of New York."

THE STATEMENTS OF WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.

General Washington has left on record numerous evidences that he precisely agreed with the statesmen heretofore quoted, as well as with Wilson and Dickinson, to be quoted presently. He always assented to the idea that a confederacy of sovereign states was being formed. And the proof is direct, positive, and abundant that he recognized the states as sovereign parties to, and sovereign actors under, the new system. In a letter to Lafayette, dated June 17, 1788, he said: "I mentioned the accession of Maryland to the proposed government. . . . The accession of one state more will complete the number (nine) needed to establish it."

To General Pinckney, June 28, 1788, he writes of the Virginia convention having adopted the Constitution by 89 to 79; of the people of Alexandria rejoicing; of their enjoyment being heightened by the news that "New Hampshire had, on the 21st instant, acceded to the new confederacy by a majority of eleven voices;" and of "pouring a libation to the prosperity of the ten states that had actually adopted" the Constitution.

To Governor Johnston, of North Carolina, June 19, 1789, he writes of "the political relation which was to subsist hereafter between the state of North Carolina and the states now in union."

To Madison, Aug. 3, 1788, he writes of the time when "the states begin to act under the new form;" and to General Lincoln, Oct. 26, 1788, that whoever shall be found to "enjoy the confidence of the states so far as to be elected Vice-President" will be acceptable to him should he be President.

These and numerous other expressions, not incompatible with his wish for a strong and efficient federal government and a lasting union, settle beyond doubt Washington's view that the states acceded to the federal system as parties to a compact, and were to act as sovereigns "under the new form." It will be shown in a subsequent chapter, by abundance of proof, that state sovereignty in the Union was an essential part of Washington's political creed.

Dr. Franklin considered the Constitution to be a compact between sovereign states; and he proposed, in the constitution of 1787, the second branch of the federal congress, wherein "each state should have equal suffrage," to secure "the sovereignties of the individual states" and "their authority over their own citizens" (V. Ell. Deb. 266).

THE TESTIMONY OF THE FIVE NEXT IN RANK.

John Dickinson, Gouverneur Morris, James Wilson, Tench Coxe, and Samuel Adams may be regarded as the five next in rank—if not equal—to those quoted, in efficiency and influence, and fully their peers in patriotism, ability, and zeal in striving for "a more perfect union" and "a more efficient government."

John Dickinson, who was at one time president of Delaware and at another of Pennsylvania, was a leading statesman and political writer of that period, and a most influential member of the federal convention. In one of his remarkable letters he characterizes the new political system as "a confederacy of republics," "in which the SOVEREIGNTY of each state is represented with equal suffrage in one legislative body, the people of each state . . . in another, and the sovereignties and people . . . conjointly represented in a president" (II. Writings of Dickinson, 107).

The views of Dickinson were those of Washington, as appears from a letter of the latter to John Vaughan, dated April 27, 1788.

Gouverneur Morris, afterward minister to France and United States senator from New York, the accomplished statesman to whom, in the federal convention, in which he was a delegate from Pennsylvania, was entrusted the re-writing of the Constitution, who, having changed these words, "We, the people of the States," etc., as adopted by the convention, to "We, the people of the United States," must be supposed to know their meaning, declared, years afterward, that "the Constitution was a compact not between individuals but between political societies, . . . each enjoying sovereign power and, of course, equal rights" (III. *Life of G. Morris*, p. 193).

James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, a member of both the federal and state conventions, a strenuous advocate for a strong government, and afterward one of the ablest of the federal supreme judges, called the general government "a federal body of our own creation," using "our" to designate the people of Pennsylvania, whose convention he was addressing and whose ratification he was advocating;

and he said, in an address early in October, 1787, which was published generally in the papers of that day, "Let it be remembered that the business of the federal convention was not local, but general; not limited to the views and establishments of a single state, but coextensive with the continent, and comprehending the views and establishments of thirteen independent SOVEREIGNTIES" (II. *American Museum*, 379). This very address was emphatically approved by General Washington in a letter to David Stuart, dated October 17, 1787.

Tench Coxe, a member of the convention of Pennsylvania, and one of the leading statesmen and most lucid political writers of that period, said that though the federal Constitution was to be adopted by the people, "yet it was to be done in their capacities as citizens of the several members of our confederacy. . . . Had the federal convention meant to exclude the idea of union, that is, of several and separate SOVEREIGNTIES joining in a confederacy, they would have said 'We, the people of America,' for union necessarily involves the idea of competent states, which complete consolidation excludes. But the severality of the states is frequently recognized in the most distinct manner, in the course of the Constitution" (III. *American Museum*, 160, 244).

Samuel Adams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, than whom none was more patriotic and zealous, or more active, influential, and able in establishing the federal polity, declared, in the convention of Massachusetts, that the amendment proposed by her (and afterwards adopted by the states), that "all powers not expressly delegated in the federal compact were reserved to the several states," was "consonant with the second article of the present confederation, that each state retains its SOVEREIGNTY, freedom, and independence, and every power . . . not expressly delegated to the United States" (II. Ell. Deb. p. 131). And he wrote to Eldridge Gerry, in Congress, that this amendment, which he urged the adoption of, would be "a line drawn as clearly as may be between the federal powers vested in Congress and the distinct SOVEREIGNTY of the several states, upon which the private and personal rights of the citizens depend" (III. *Life of Samuel Adams*).

ANOTHER DECADE OF WITNESSES.

The mass of evidence is already overwhelming, but for the purpose of grouping, for general use, the principal contemporaneous statements of what our system of government is, and likewise of showing how studious the expositors of the Massachusetts school must have been to avoid citing and fairly presenting the real authorities on this momentous subject, I will add the testimony of ten more of

" . . . the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

Roger Sherman, one of the committee to draw up the Declaration of Independence, and a signer of the same, a member of the federal convention, and of the ratifying convention of Connecticut, declared that "the government of the United States was instituted by a number of SOVEREIGN states for the better security of their rights, and the advancement of their interests."*

The Shermans of to-day have "swapped" their grandsire for Story, and, having turned away from the steady light of the old beacon, their eyes are dancing after will-o'-the-wisps.

Oliver Ellsworth, who was afterward chief-justice of the United States, spoke of the Union as a "confederation," and said: "the Constitution does not attempt to coerce SOVEREIGN bodies—states in their political capacity," but only provides for legal coercion of individual citizens (II. Ell. Deb. 197).

Chancellor Pendleton, the President of the Convention of Virginia, said: "If we [Virginia] find it to our interest to be intimately connected with the other twelve states, to establish one common government and bind in one ligament the strength of the thirteen states, we shall find it necessary to delegate powers proportionate to that end; for the delegation of adequate powers in this government is no less necessary than in our state government" (III. Ell. Deb. 297).

John Marshall, afterwards the celebrated chief-justice of the United States, said, in the same convention, in reference to the fear expressed by Henry and Mason that "a state might be called at the bar of the federal court," and judicial coercion be attempted: "It is not rational to suppose that the sovereign power should be dragged before a court" (III. Ell. Deb. 555).

James Iredell, one of the chief statesmen of North Carolina, afterwards on the supreme bench of the Union, expressed similar views, and said he thought the federal Senate "necessary to preserve completely the sovereignty of the states" (IV. Ell. Deb. 133).

Fisher Ames, the great orator of Massachusetts, afterwards her senator in Congress, and one of her most eminent statesmen, said in her convention: "The senators represent the sovereignty of the states, . . . in the qualities of ambassadors" (II. Ell. Deb. 46).

Theophilus Parsons, "the celebrated chief-justice" of Massachusetts, one of the ablest and most influential members of the convention, said that the Senate was designed "to preserve the sovereignty of the states" (see his memoirs, p. 98).

Christopher Gore, also one of her leading statesmen, said on the same occasion: "The Senate represents the sovereignty of the states" (II. Ell. Deb. 18).

Governor James Bowdoin said, in the same convention, in advocacy of the new system, that "without a confederacy, the several states, being distinct sovereignties, . . . would determine the disputes that might arise . . . by the law of nature, which is the right of the strongest" (II. Ell. Deb. 129).

George Cabot, another statesman of high rank in Massachusetts, said in his argument for the Constitution—"The Senate is a representation of the sovereignty of the individual states" (II. Ell. Deb. 26).

ONLY A FEDERATION OF SOVEREIGNTIES WAS POSSIBLE.

Many more such extracts might be presented, but these will suffice; for among the leading fathers there was no dissent. Indeed, there could be, on this subject, no difference of opinion, since the states were equal; no authority was above them; sovereignty belonged to each commonwealth as an essential part of her nature; every organic law expressed or implied it; and the solemn league between the states declared that each retained her sovereignty. The established status of these commonwealths, and the law of their beings, absolutely controlled the action of the fathers. Moreover, these were citizens, subjects, and servants of their respective states, and had no authority whatever to bind them, and,

* The proper citation for this is at this moment mislaid; but in VI. *Life and Times of John Adams* 446, will be found substantially the same statement of Sherman's views.

a fortiori, none to impair their integrity and sovereignty. The said states associated, and bound themselves by name, as distinct and complete political bodies (Art. I. sec. 2, and Art. VII.); declared their compact of association to be established "between the states ratifying the same" (Art. VII.); and provided for governing themselves, in federal matters, by electing and empowering their own citizens and subjects, as their servants and agents, to perform governmental duties (Art. I. secs. 2, 3; Art. II. sec. 1).

We see, then, that while the fathers declared the Union to be a federation of sovereignties, it was impossible for equal, distinct, and sovereign states to combine for general government by any other system. This is the teaching of all federal history, as will be duly seen. The views of all the great architects will be hereinafter given more at length, in their proper places.

The very authors of the great movement for "a more perfect union" and "a more efficient general government" were the men that made the above utterances. They were the very men who laboriously matured each and all the provisions of the compact; who represented "the people," knew their will, and tried to do it; whose every explanation was corroborated and position sustained by the final sovereign acts of their respective states, as will be quoted and shown; and who were all selected afterward by the people to carry the organized system into effect. Not a molehill can be built up opposite to this mountain of testimony.

In conclusion of this chapter I must express the hope that certain of our "professors of constitutional law" will become professors of constitutional facts, and in future editions of *The History of the Constitution*, *The Constitutional Convention*, *The Political Grammar*, etc., etc., quote and comment on the foregoing and numerous other kindred passages which the records of the country contain, and which must appear in any true history or unsophistical exposition of our federal government; also, that our lawyers, editors, politicians, and so-called statesmen may learn from the above extracts what few of them seem to know, namely, that state-sovereignty is not a mere deduction, made by Jefferson and others after the federal compact was formed, and expressed originally in the Resolutions of 1798 and 1799; but is a great and indestructible fact or entity which was recognized by all the fathers as essential and vital to each commonwealth of the "federalized" states, as an integral part of each state's being. Jefferson only bore the relation to state sovereignty that the advocate does to the pre-existent truth he utters and expounds.

TABLE-TALK.

THE plan of organizing an ambulance corps in the police force is certainly worthy of all commendation and support. But a useful supplement to that idea would be to adopt the recent suggestion of a correspondent to one of the daily papers—the establishment at suitable places, precinct stations and elsewhere, of what are called in Europe *boites de secours*—cases containing surgical instruments and all necessary appliances for the immediate treatment of accidental injuries. Now that the New York Hospital has been abolished, the lower city is destitute of any place to which injured persons can be brought for relief. The nearest hospital is Bellevue, more than three miles distant from the Battery—a long way to carry a patient prostrated, let us say, with sun-stroke or with broken bones. We do not know how efficient the police surgeons may be as a rule, but we do know that in some instances they live miles away from the precinct to which they are attached; and if, as the correspondent above referred to charges, the station-houses are generally unprovided with medical appliances, a physician called on hurriedly in an imminent and deadly crisis is apt to find his efforts frustrated for want of proper means. The Board of Health would do well to look into this matter, unless its entire time is occupied in that favorite diversion of the medical faculty—checking one disease by laying the foundation of a dozen worse ones.

MAYOR HALL has done few things in his official capacity wiser or more praiseworthy than in vetoing the action of the Common Council granting to somebody license to obstruct the public thoroughfare for his private benefit. We are glad to know that there is a law prohibiting this outrage on public convenience, from which we have suffered too long already, and we trust that it will be in future rigidly enforced. If our excellent Mayor will turn his attention to the express companies at the lower part of Broadway, who seem to labor under the delusion that they own the entire street, and who for most part of the day render it nearly impassable with their trucks and wagons, he will find an admirable opportunity to begin a sweeping and needed reform. There is no reason in the world why these companies should not load and unload in the rear rather than in the front of their storehouses except, perhaps, the humiliating admission it might suggest of amenability to law and to the public interest.

ACCORDING to our brilliant contemporary the *Sun*, which shines as vividly, we presume, on the cloud-capped towers of the Sierra Nevadas as on the little isle of Manhattan, "almost immediately after the silver-bound tie was laid and the golden spike driven in the Pacific Railroad, they were quietly taken up again, deposited with Nevada's silver hammer in a car and sent to San Francisco, while a common wooden tie was substituted and the 'last rail' secured to it by a common iron spike." We are a trifle at a loss to understand the meaning of the word which we have taken the trouble to italicize; perhaps when the photograph was taken a slight cloud—a mere speck—was crossing the disk of the sun, or is it possible that luminary had imbibed too much "mountain dew"? Astronomers do, indeed, tell us that there are spots on the sun, but it takes a keen eye and a much finer telescope than that in City Hall Park to detect one on the orb that radiates from Printing House Square.

PORTRAITS in newspapers are not always trustworthy, even in publications as good as the *Harpers'*. We were much deceived, for example, in that of Miss Olive Logan, published in the *Bazar*, and mentioned in the *Round Table* of last week. Some friend of the lady's has since sent us a photograph, evidently a faithful one, which does anything but justify our remarks on the portrait in the *Bazar*. On the contrary, we are led by it to declare—never having had the happiness to look on the fair original—that if Miss Olive Logan is like her photograph, she is precisely both in face and figure one of the ladies whom we are accustomed enthusiastically to admire. Our chagrin at having been most un-

handsomely led into an opposite opinion may readily be imagined and will, we trust, lead to the forgiveness of an error which was certainly unintentional.

THE singular property of a current of electricity passing along a wire being able to "induce" another and more powerful current in an adjacent wire was first discovered by Faraday. The phenomenon is usually best seen in an induction coil in which the two wires, properly insulated, are wound upon a bobbin containing a core of soft iron. Until lately a coil a foot or fifteen inches long and four or five inches in diameter, furnishing an electric spark six or seven inches long, was considered large and powerful. Professor Pepper, of the London Polytechnic, the first to introduce ghosts to the public, has far surpassed this. In an interesting description of his labors the *Times* says: Professor Pepper has for some time been desirous to add a "monster coil" to the other attractions of the Polytechnic, and at length, thanks to the skill and perseverance of Mr. Apps, he has been enabled to attain his object. The great coil now exhibited is nine feet ten inches in length and two feet in diameter. Its core of soft iron is formed by a bundle of straight wires, each five feet in length and .0625 of an inch in diameter. The diameter of the combined wire is four inches, and the weight of the core is 123 pounds. The primary coil is of copper wire of the highest conductivity, and weighs 145 pounds. The diameter of this wire is .0925 of an inch, and its length is 3,770 yards. It is wound round with cotton and makes 6,000 revolutions around the iron core. The secondary wire is 150 miles in length and .015 of an inch in diameter. It is covered with silk and is wound into an outer coil fifty inches in length. The primary wire is insulated from the secondary by an ebonite tube half an inch in thickness, and the whole coil is enclosed in another ebonite tube and mounted upon substantial supports, also covered with ebonite. The galvanic current for the primary coil is furnished by a Bunsen's battery of forty cells. The first indication afforded to the proprietors of the power of the monster they had created was by the utter destruction of a contact-breaker, in which platinum and brass were fused into one common ruin. A breaker on another principle was tried, and also failed; but the ingenuity of Professor Pepper overcame the difficulty, and a breaker that would work was at length obtained. Other difficulties were also surmounted, and due precautions taken to protect the exhibitors from danger. When all was complete it was found that the new coil would furnish a spark, or rather a flash of lightning, twenty-nine inches in length, and apparently three-fourths of an inch in width, striking the disk terminal with a stunning shock. The power of this flash may be estimated from the fact that it will perforate a mass of plate glass five inches in thickness. The channel made by its passage is about one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter, and has a zigzag course; but all around it the glass is starred in radiating lines, which make the perforation appear larger than it really is. When the terminals are brought within about three inches of each other, the discharge appears to issue more slowly as a gush of waving flame, and this flame may be blown away in a broad sheet, leaving the actual line of discharge unaffected and visible by its different color. Some other phenomena, hitherto only discoverable by the most delicate instruments, have already been rendered plainly apparent to the senses, and for some time to come it is probable that each day will be marked by new discoveries. As a source of ordinary electricity the power of the coil is beyond all expectation. It will charge a Leyden battery of forty square feet by three contacts of the break; and the discharge of this battery deflagrates considerable lengths of wire with great rapidity. A larger Leyden battery is in course of construction, to consist of thirty wide-mouthed carboys, each holding ten gallons. For the purposes of the Polytechnic the new coil will be a source of endless delight and wonder, and enable Professor Pepper to display effects, beautiful or terrible, such as have never been seen before; but it will have also far higher uses than this. Sir Humphry Davy's great galvanic battery was the immediate cause of the discovery of many previously unknown metals; and every marked increase in the power of scientific apparatus has been followed by a corresponding increase in the growth of knowledge. The coil will not only amuse audiences, but will be diligently used at other times to promote the researches of electricians and of physiologists. The gain of every fact they discover and the clearing up of every doubt they remove will come in time, if not immediately, to be instrumental in promoting man's convenience or in alleviating man's suffering. The coil is a triumph of skill and knowledge of which English science may be justly proud; although the pride will be tempered with one sole regret—the regret that Faraday did not witness the fruit of his discovery.

CHESS.

THE number of weekly papers in America which devote a portion of their space to Chess appears to be slowly though steadily on the increase, a sign that the neglect into which the noble game had fallen during the war is giving place to a renewed activity on the part of the fraternity of Chess-players. During the excitement in the Chess world consequent upon Mr. Morphy's wonderful achievements in Europe, no less than 87 newspapers published a weekly Chess column, and although out of the 87 but seven or eight have remained true to the cause, it is still satisfactory to know that of late years several weeklies of high literary standing have joined the faithful few, and have opened their pages to the cultivation and spread of Chess among their numerous subscribers. That much may be done for Chess by the publication of such a weekly column may be inferred from the fact that Herr Von der Laza (a most competent judge of such matters), while bearing ample testimony to the merits of Mr. Staunton as a Chess author and analyst, states that in his opinion Mr. S. has rendered greater service to the cause of Chess by his able management of the Chess department of the *Illustrated London News* than by any of his other works relating to the game.

GAME LXXIII.

Played at Sydenham, near London, between the automaton *Hajeeb* and Mr. H. Meyer.

SICILIAN OPENING.

WHITE—*Hajeeb*. BLACK—*Mr. M.*
1. P to K4 1. P to QB4
2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to QB3
3. B to Q3
Scarcely so good as P to Q4
4. Castles 3. P to K3
He might also have advanced P to Q4 with advantage.
5. P to QR3 5. P to QKt4
6. B to QR2 6. B to QKt2
7. Kt to QB3 7. B to Q3
8. Kt to K2 8. P to KR4
9. P to QB3 9. P to KKt4
These Pawns threaten to become very troublesome before long.
10. P to Q4 10. P to KKt5

11. Kt to KKt5 11. P to KB3
12. P to K5 12. B to QKt
13. P takes KBP 13. Kt takes KBP
14. P takes QBP 14. Q to QB2
15. P to KKt3 15. P to KR5
16. B to KB4 16. P to K4
17. B to KB7 ch
A check which turns out to be of but little service to White.
18. B to Q2 17. K to K2
19. B to KB6 18. Kt to Q
20. Q to QB2 19. R to KKt
21. P to KB3 20. Q to QB3
22. K to R 21. Q takes QBP ch
23. Kt takes KBP 22. P takes KBP
24. P to QKt4 23. P to K5
25. P takes Q 24. P takes Kt
Well played; Black wins the adverse Queen and a piece besides, in exchange for his own Queen.
25. P takes Q 25. P to B7 dis ch
26. P to QB6 26. B takes P ch
27. B to K4 27. B takes B ch
28. Q takes B 28. Kt takes Q
29. B to KB4 29. P takes KtP

30. RP takes P
31. QR to Q
32. Kt takes B
33. K to Kt2
34. K takes P
35. KR to K ch
36. R to K3
30. Kt to K3
31. B takes B
32. Kt takes P ch
33. Kt takes Kt2
34. QR to KB
35. K to Q

And Mr. M. announced mate in five moves.

GAME LXXIV.

Played at Paris, in the late match between Messrs. Neumann and Rosenthal.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

- WHITE—Mr. N. BLACK—Mr. R.
1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. P to KB4 2. P takes P
3. B to QB4 3. P to KB4
4. Q to K2 4. Q to KR5 ch
5. K to Q 5. P takes KP
6. Kt to QB3

This move, which is an invention of Mr. Neumann, appears to be considerably stronger than 6. Q takes KP ch, and in our opinion goes far to show that the advance of the BP on Black's third move cannot be ventured with safety.

Kt to KB3 seems to be preferable in some respects, as the move made gives White far too much time for the development of his forces.

7. Kt takes KP 7. K to Q
8. Kt to KB3 8. Q to KR4
9. QKt to KKt5 9. Kt to KR3
10. P to Q4 10. P to Q4
11. QB takes P

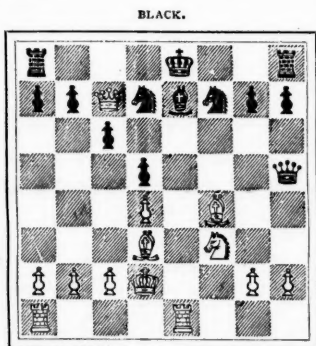
Prettily played; the capture of the KB would evidently be fatal to Black, on account of White's reply of 12. Q to K5.

12. Q to K5 11. B to KKt5
13. Q to QB4 ch 12. Kt to Q2
14. R to K ch 13. K to K
15. B to Q3 14. B to K2

Preventing the adverse Kt from occupying the KB4th square.

16. K to Q2 15. Kt to KB2
17. Kt takes B 16. B takes Kt

We append a diagram of the situation after White's 17th move, from which it will be seen that the first player has acquired an overwhelming superiority in position.



WHITE.

White now threatens, as Mr. Neumann in his notes to the game remarks, to take off the Bishop with Rook checking, a mode of play which would win in a few moves.

18. R to K2 17. Q to KKt5
19. P to KR3 18. K to B
20. B to Q6 ch 19. B to Q

And Mr. Rosenthal, seeing that he must lose his Queen or be mated, resigns the game.

GAME LXXV.

Played in the Brooklyn Chess Club, Messrs. Brenzinger and Munoz consulting together against Messrs. Delmar and Phelan.

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

- WHITE. BLACK.
Messrs. B. and M. Messrs. D. and P.
1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to QB3
3. B to QKt5 3. P to QR3
4. B to QR4 4. B to QB4

A defence generally condemned by the "books," as it enables White to establish his Pawns in the centre.

Castling we believe to be the correct mode of procedure, as Black cannot take the KP without getting into trouble.

5. P to QB3 5. Kt to KB3
6. P to Q4 6. P takes P
7. P to K5

The right move to relieve themselves from their somewhat embarrassed position.

8. B to QKt3 7. Kt to Q4
9. P takes P 8. KKt to K2
10. Kt to QB3 9. B to Kt5 ch
10. P to Q4

An ingenious combination which gives Black the best of the battle.

23. P takes QB 23. Q to Q3
24. Q to QR3

Apparently the only move to save the piece.

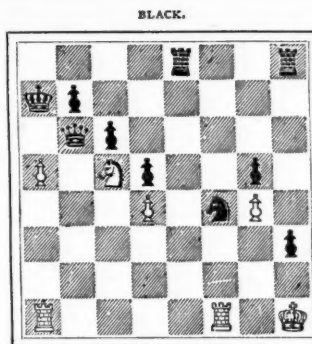
25. P takes Q 24. Q takes Q
26. R takes B 25. B takes R
27. B to QB5 26. Kt takes BP
28. Kt to Kt4 27. KR to K
29. Kt to Q3 28. K to B2
30. Kt fr Q3 to K5 ch 29. Kt takes RP
31. R to QKt 30. K to Kt2
32. Kt takes QBP 31. P to QKt4
33. R to QKt4 32. R to K5
34. R takes K 33. QR to K
35. B to Q4 ch 34. R takes R
36. Kt to KR6 ch 35. K to B3
37. B to QB5 36. K to K3
38. Kt to Q4 ch 37. R to QB5

White had a difficult game to play, but this error hastened their defeat.

39. B takes R 38. R takes Kt
39. Kt to KB6 ch

And wins.

END GAME.—The subjoined instructive termination occurred in a game between Messrs. Anderssen and Zukertort.



WHITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. E. C., Tarrytown, N. Y.—Many thanks for the Problems. Any contributions of a similar nature will always be acceptable.

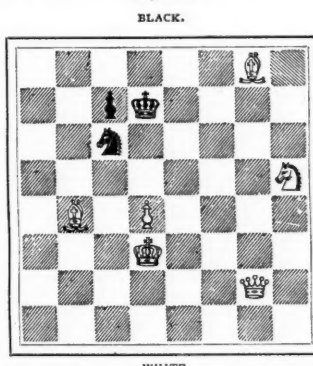
C. N. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—We are obliged to our correspondent for the two-move position sent, which we shall find room for before long.

W. E. T., Philadelphia.—The amended versions of Nos. 5 and 7 seem to be correct, and should they on closer examination prove to be so, will appear in due course.

J. D., Baltimore, Md.; M. T., Washington, D. C.; C. N. C., Buffalo, N. Y.; H. W., Troy, N. Y.—Solutions correct.

TOURNAMENT AT THE CAFE EUROPA.—Arrangements have been made by the proprietor of the above named popular Café for another Tournament, to take place during the summer season. Beside the entrance fee, amounting to two dollars for each player, the proprietor, Mr. Lieders, contributes fifty dollars toward increasing the amount of the prizes, of which there will be six. The committee of management comprises the following gentlemen: Baron von Frankenberg, Major Wernich, Mr. Delmar, and Capt. Mackenzie, the last-named having also undertaken the duties of manager. Play will commence on or about the 21st of June, and it is anticipated that most of the leading amateurs both of New York and Brooklyn will enter the lists.

PROBLEM XLIX. By Mr. H. D. Smith, of Jackson, Mich.



WHITE.

White (Mr. A.) having to play, forced the game very prettily as follows:

- WHITE—Mr. A. BLACK—Mr. Z.

1. P takes Q dble ch 1. K to Kt

Should Black capture Pawn with King, he is mated in three more moves.

2. R to QR8 ch

A beautiful coup, by which the Black King is inextricably imprisoned.

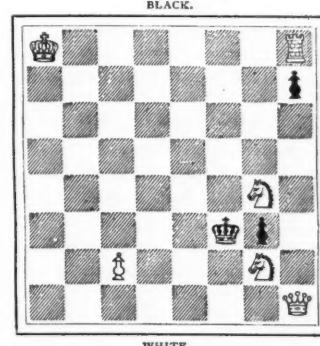
3. Kt to Q7 2. K takes R
4. R takes R 3. R to K8
5. R to QR mate 4. Any move

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—We understand that a match by telegraph is likely to come off before long between the leading players of Penn Yan, N. Y. (at the head of whom stands Mr. T. M. Brown, the famous Problem-composer) and the Brooklyn Chess Club.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- PROBLEM XLVII. BLACK.
1. K takes R (a)
2. K takes B
- PROBLEM XLVIII. BLACK.
1. K takes P dis ch (a)
2. K moves
- PROBLEM XLIX. By Mr. H. D. Smith, of Jackson, Mich.

PROBLEM L. By Mr. Clark, of Smejnogorsk, Siberia.
From *La Stratégie*.



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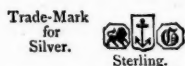
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